



No. 316.—VOL. XXV

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



LADY TENNYSON, THE NEW VICE-QUEEN OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Lady Tennyson, née Audrey Georgiana Florence Boyle (of the Cork family), was married in 1884 to the Hon. Hallam Tennyson, who succeeded his father, the Poet Laureate, as the second Baron Tennyson in 1892. They have three sons. This picture is by Mr. Mendelssohn.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AT OXFORD.

The production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by the Oxford University Dramatic Society has proved a great success, and reflects the highest credit upon Mr. W. G. Chancellor, of Oriel College, the Secretary, and the Committee of the Society. Whatever play the O.U.D.S. selects, there are wisacres who demonstrate to their own complete satisfaction that it is quite unfitted for the abilities of its members, and the present choice has been no exception to the rule—quite the contrary. But Mr. H. M. M. Woodward (Keble) is one of the ablest actors the company has had for some years, and he is physically adapted for the representation of Puck, a character not usually played by a man. The Committee thought it would be an excellent opportunity of trying the experiment, and the innovation has been abundantly justified. Mr. E. K. Talbot, of Christ Church, gave a clever interpretation of the part of Bottom the Weaver. It was low comedy of a high order, and his scenes were some of the best in the play. The Clown scene in Act V., with the parody under Quince (Mr. C. R. Mackintosh, Oriel) of "Pyramus and Thisbe," was very well done and proved intensely funny, the whole culminating in a wildly eccentric step-dance between Flute (R. T. Lee, Oriel) and Snout (J. Harrison, St John's). This was encored twice at pretty nearly every performance. Mr. Lee's by-play in the character

"THE COQUETTE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Nella, the coquette, was a very pretty, very silly girl, who thought herself exceedingly clever, and nearly came to grief in consequence. Not satisfied with the honest affection of a well-to-do miller, she flirted with the Marchese Eugenio, the elderly married Governor of Sassari, and also with Fonino, Sergeant of the Governor's police, whom she promised to marry whenever he got his four years eight months and eighteen days of overdue salary paid. When the day came for Nella to be married to Michele the miller, the other two sweethearts came to make their little claims. The Governor's method of courtship was simple and vigorous; he caused the miller to be arrested on the false charge of conspiracy, and then came to Nella's cottage at night. However, the young lady met him with a shot-gun, and, like the famous opossum, he preferred climbing down to being shot, and fled. However, his visit caused the miller to be jealous, and, by way of revenge, he paid court to the Governor's flighty wife, and donned the Governor's clothes, leaving him but a miller's suit without the famous white hat. The Governor's wife was caught being kissed by the miller, and promptly pretended that he was the Governor, and when the Marchese Eugenio presented himself she had him arrested by Fonino, pretending he was the miller Michele. So the elderly Don Juan had a very bad time of it.



OXFORD UNDERGRADUATES IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SOAME, OXFORD.

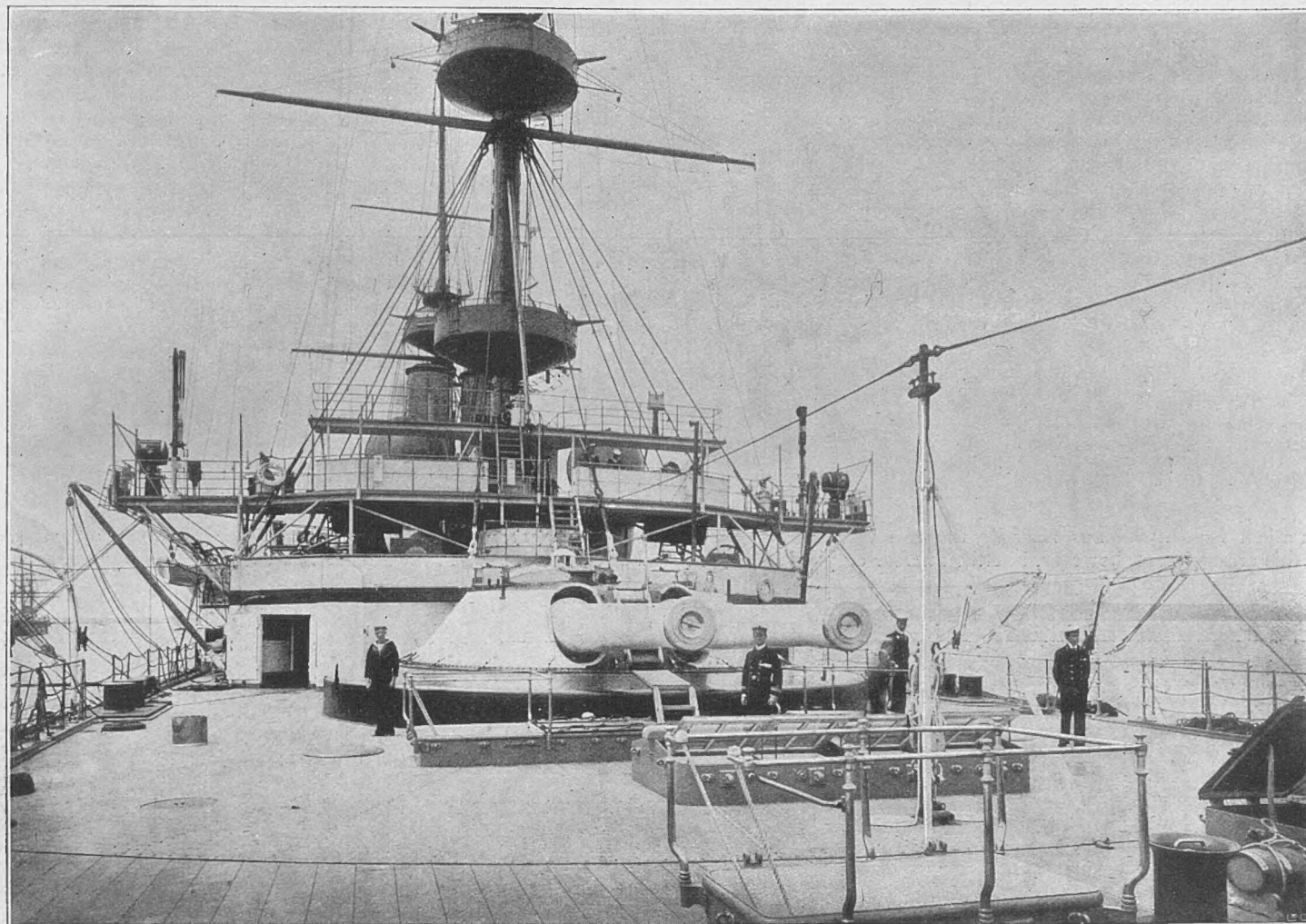
of Thisbe was inimitable, though, of course, pure farce. Mr. W. Rooke-Ley (Christ Church) was a dignified Theseus; he moved well and spoke his lines clearly, in spite of the fact that he was called upon to play the part at three days' notice. Mr. E. C. Vigors (Christ Church) was extremely good in the small part of Egeus; he has improved greatly since his Capulet of last year. Mr. K. R. Barnes never quite lost his stiffness as Oberon, but the Lysander of Mr. S. A. Gillon (New College) grew much more natural during the performances. Mr. H. M. Tennent, of Wadham, was a satisfactory Demetrius—in some scenes very good indeed. The Hermia of Miss Aimée de Bourgh was very piquant and pleasing. Mrs. R. R. Gardner, when she recovered from the nervousness which prevented her doing herself justice in the earlier performances, was an admirable Helena, and Miss Gertrude Squire made a handsome Hippolyta. Miss Una Cockerell played Titania with infinite charm and sweetness. Mendelssohn's overture and incidental music were performed by a London orchestra especially engaged for the week under Mr. Charles Hargitt. The play was given almost in its entirety—every Scene of every Act was included; somewhat extensive cuts, however, were made in the music, in order not to retard the action of the play, but the chief features, including the Notturmo and Wedding March, were retained, and "Ye Spotted Snakes" was sung admirably by Miss C. Rosedale as First Fairy. Two charming fairy-dances, arranged by Miss Evelyn Hamilton, added to the picturesqueness of Acts II. and V. The dresses for these had been designed by Mrs. Martin Harvey. Mr. F. H. Macklin stage-managed.

In the end, of course, the truth came out, and everything was forgiven, and Nella, cured of her coquettishness, married the miller.

This, the story of "The Coquette," the new comic opera produced on Saturday at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, shows some element of prettiness and humour. Of these elements, Mr. H. J. W. Dam, who has adapted the book from a Portuguese opera, has not, perhaps, taken full advantage, although, in some respects, he has done his work skilfully, and the paragraphist's anticipatory suggestions of impropriety have no foundation. Nor can it be said that Mr. Lowenfeld's new composer, M. Justin Clerice, shows himself equal in quality to any one of half-a-dozen minor English composers whom one could name.

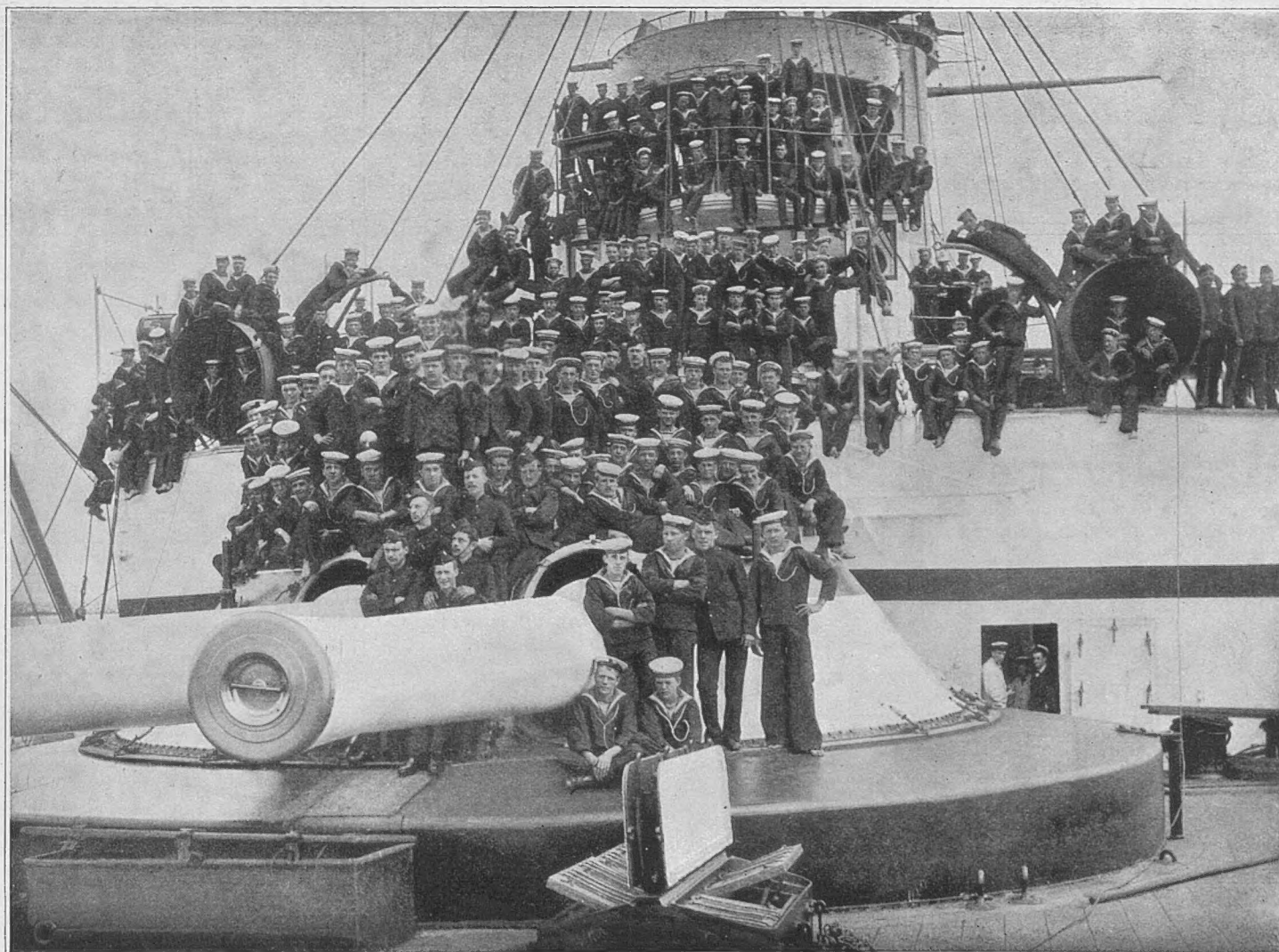
It is typical of our stage that so many foreigners should be concerned in the production. A Portuguese librettist, an American adapter, a French composer, a German manager, a Canadian prima donna, and a second leading lady with an un-English accent, make a remarkable group; there may be other foreign elements in the matter—"Edgardo Levi," the name of the musical director, is not vigorously British. The cast is very good. Miss Aileen d'Orme is charming both as singer and actress in the part of Nella, the coquette. Mr. Willie Edouin, who plays the character of Fonino, "the hungry, trumpet-blowing soldier from the bottle up," is very funny in an elaborate comic picture of a lame, curious creature, though perhaps at times a little too exuberant in his humours. Exceedingly clever work in some scenes was done by Mr. John Le Hay as the Governor, nor should Miss Stella Gastelle, who played the part of his wife, be overlooked.

E. F. S.



THE FORE-DECK OF THE BATTLESHIP "PRINCE GEORGE."

THIS SHIP HAS BEEN SELECTED FOR THE COMMAND OF THE DUKE OF YORK, WHO WILL RECEIVE THE AMERICAN SQUADRON UPON ITS FORTHCOMING VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.



THE CREW OF THE "PRINCE GEORGE."

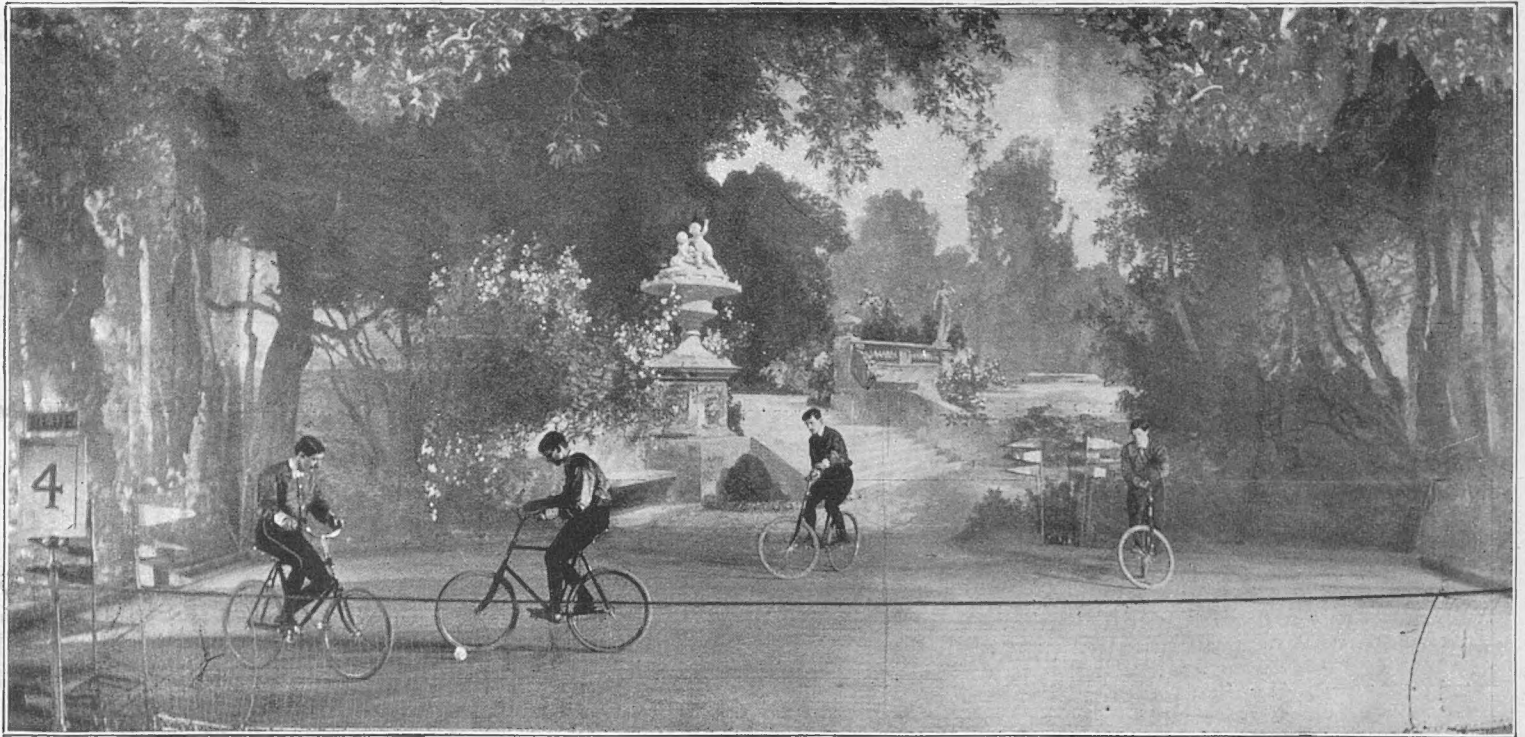
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL AND SONS, SOUTHSEA.

POLO AS PLAYED ON BICYCLES.

Polo, as played with ponies, is distinctly a game beyond the reach of those not possessed of a considerable income, and is a sport of which the great majority of people know practically nothing. But, while a pair of ponies and other accessories may easily be beyond one's means, still, in these days of universal cycling, a good machine has become almost a necessity, instead of being looked upon in the light of a luxury. It is, therefore, a noteworthy fact that bicycle-polo is rapidly becoming popular in this country, and there is abundant reason to believe that in the course of a season or two it will have become thoroughly acclimatised. It is all the more welcome because it is essentially a pretty game to watch, and, unlike football and cricket, appeals to the women almost, if not quite, as forcibly as it does to men. It can be played quite as well on a wooden or grass surface, and is thus an indoor as well as an outdoor amusement. The British public has, so far, taken very kindly to it, as witness the enthusiasm with which the exhibitions of the game have been greeted at the Empire Theatre, where the original American bicycle-polo team—Mr. J. R. Hazelton and Mr. E. V. Hanegan on one side, and Mr. C. B. Brady and Mr. J. M. Murphy on the other—is nightly demonstrating in wonderful fashion the fascination and excitement to be derived by the spectator from watching matches played by smart and clever exponents of the new sport. The rules of the game are simple enough; there are two goals, which, in the performance at the Empire, take the form of two square cages of wire with a bell inside, which is rung by the ball whenever a goal is "shot"; this arrangement, however, like the number of players on each

There is something positively weird in seeing for the first time a player, while riding at full speed, suddenly bring his back wheel at right angles to his path of motion and drive a ball with unerring aim into the mouth of a goal not much wider than the opening in a dog's-kennel. It is almost impossible to describe on paper the true inwardness of this stroke. Anyone at all familiar with League football is acquainted with the trick of back-heeling so much in vogue among professionals. There is nothing which the back-wheel stroke of a polo-bicyclist resembles so much as the back-heeling of a footballer. In both cases the player apparently stops dead, and the stroke, coming from an unexpected quarter, gives the idea of some invisible power being set in motion.

Mr. Hazelton may fairly be regarded as the father of bicycle-polo. His experience of the game dates back more than ten years. But in those days he played on a machine made specially for the purpose of polo—that is to say, it had a big wheel behind and a very small wheel in front, which was used for the triple object of a guide, a support, and a bat. The game was then practically ruleless and unformed; except as a mere novelty, it completely failed to interest the American public. However, Mr. Hazelton still kept his faith in the possibilities of polo on wheels, and in 1895 began to give exhibitions in New York of bicycle-polo played on safeties. Under its new conditions the game "caught on" like wildfire. Mr. Hazelton invited some of his friends to join him in forming a polo team of their own. They practised something like eight or nine hours a-day, with the result that, when they reached this country, they found that their fame had anticipated them, and their appearance at the Empire is now one of the most popular "turns" that has ever been seen at the famous house in Leicester Square.



BICYCLE-POLO AS PLAYED AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.

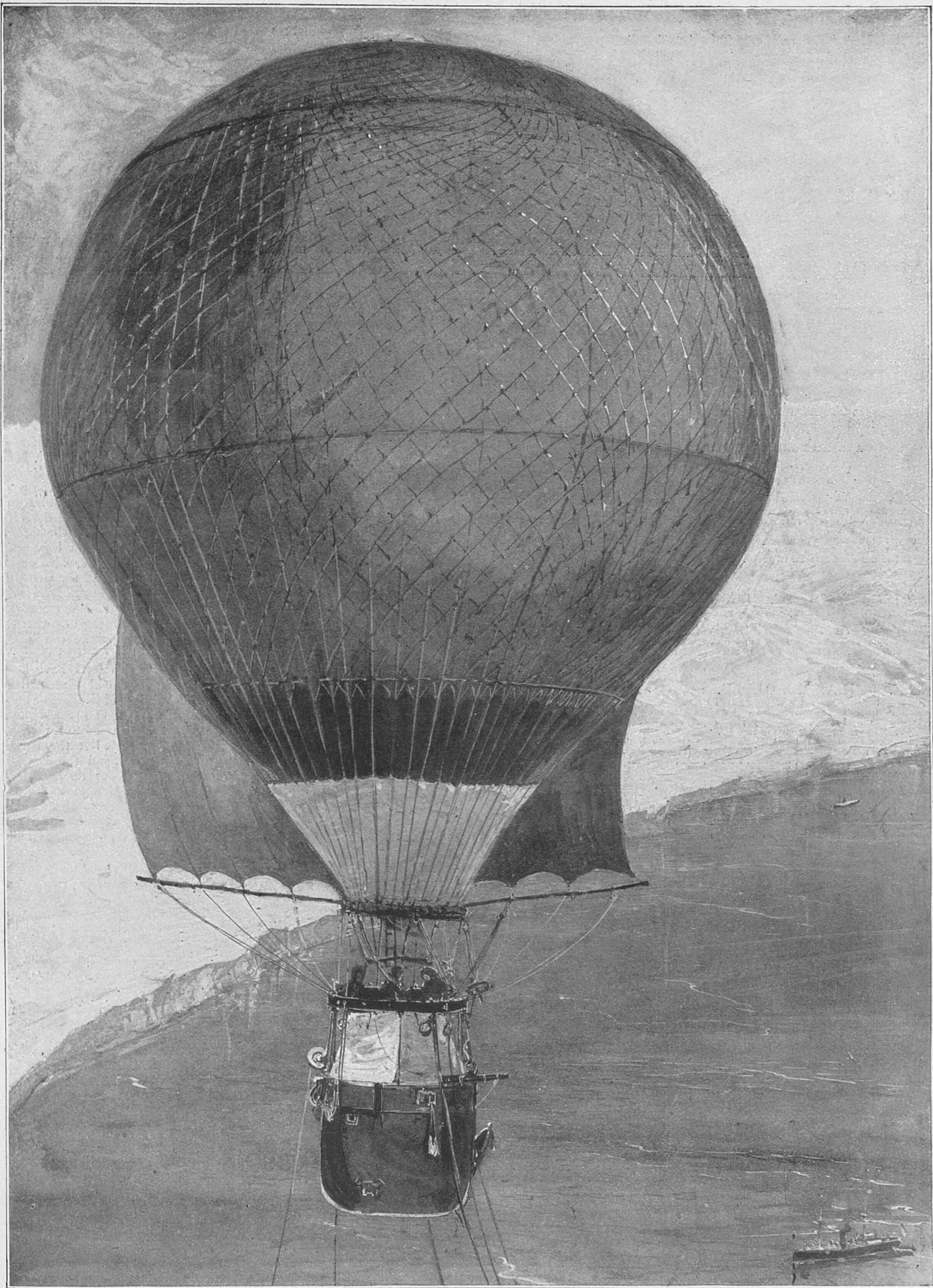
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

side, is a mere detail, as, with a larger field of operation, there is no reason why the goals should not be the same as those used in real polo. The ball is a leather affair, a shade smaller, perhaps, than a regulation cricket-ball, and the object of each set of players is, of course, to drive his ball into their opponents' goal.

It may be explained that the complete outfit, so to speak, of bicycle-polo consists of a "bike" and a ball. No stick or club of any sort is used. The ball is propelled solely by the front or back wheel, and the entrancing part of the game, from the onlooker's point of view, is the extraordinary skill with which the four players have converted their wheels from their ordinary rotary occupations into effective engines of propulsion. The ball must be propelled absolutely by the front or rear wheel of the machine, and must be sent direct into the opponents' goal in order to score. No point can be gained from a cannon, and should a player send the ball into his own goal, it does not count against his side. If the ball be driven out of bounds, it is thrown back by the umpire, but is not "in play" until it has been touched by both sides. If a player miss the ball, or fall, he must ride clear of operations quickly, and, so to speak, re-enter the game. Tackling is allowed with the elbows only, and the hands of the players must not be taken from the handle-bars while actually engaged in the game. There is no absolute rule as to which side one must pass when meeting or overtaking another player. I am told that, in course of time, the rider becomes so expert in extricating himself from apparent danger and stopping dead at the shortest notice, that collisions are rare and comparatively harmless. Six goals is the usual limit to a game, and, if the sides be at all evenly matched and the play consequently fast and furious, by the time the score reaches that figure the participants welcome an interval of rest.

"It may appear to the looker-on," says Mr. Hazelton, "that the ball is often struck without any definite object on the part of the players—that it is struck for the mere purpose of keeping it on the move. But this is not really the case. Each shot is an aim; it has its special motive and direction; it is one of the six or seven strokes which the wheel is capable of making. The player becomes, in the course of time, so expert in turning his machine from danger in a moment that collisions are rare, and harmless enough at that. Steering out of each other's way, whatever be the complications, is more a matter of instinct than anything else in the players. The bicycle-polo player who finds himself in a tight corner is no more hampered with rules for extricating himself than is a football-player. He just gets out of the difficulty in the best way he can, with knack and instinct for his guide. If two players are making for the ball at the same time, they are allowed to push each other, provided that they make use of their elbows only. The hand must always be kept on the handle-bars. This is one of the few cast-iron rules in bicycle-polo, and the necessity for it is obvious enough. Tackling with the hands might lead to all sorts of disasters."

It is to Mr. Gillman, the manager of the Crystal Palace, that is due the credit of first introducing bicycle-polo to English audiences. For five months from August Bank Holiday of 1897 did huge crowds flock to Sydenham to see the new game. At Blackpool and Birmingham the team invariably played before vast audiences, and in Paris the game was welcomed as a genuine novelty, and became the popular feature in the programme at the Casino de Paris. But in all these instances a large space has been available in which to play. One can hardly realise that a game like bicycle-polo may be played on the stage of a music-hall; but the Empire stage is a very large one, and one can see that every available inch of space has been utilised to form an arena of play.



ANDRÉE'S BALLOON, THE EAGLE, SOARING UP FROM SPITZBERGEN.

On July 11, 1897, Andrée, accompanied by Dr. Strindberg and Herr Fraenckell, left Danes Island, Spitzbergen, in an attempt to reach the Pole, 617 miles away. He thought he would get to the Pole in twenty-four days. He has never been seen since, but it is reported that the bodies of the dauntless three have been found in Siberia.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING at 9, THE MANŒUVRES OF JANE. By Henry Arthur Jones.
At 8.10 A GOLDEN WEDDING. Doors open 7.45.
MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY and WEDNESDAY (Feb. 22) at 2.15.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15 (Doors open 7.45),
THE MUSKETEERS. By Sydney Grundy.
MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY at 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) open 10 to 10. HER MAJESTY'S.

ST. JAMES'S. — MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER,

Sole Lessee and Manager.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30 (doors open at 8).
THE AMBASSADOR.
A Comedy in Four Acts by J. H. Oliver Hobbes.
MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY (except To-Day, Ash Wednesday) and SATURDAY at 2.30
Box Office (Mr. E. Arnold) open daily 10 to 10. ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

OLYMPIA.**BARNUM and BAILEY.**

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

"A most Gigantic Institution filled with remarkable attractions."

FULLY AS MANY AS A DOZEN WONDERFUL ACTS TAKING
PLACE SIMULTANEOUSLY.

Menageries, Museum, Hippodrome, Circus, Aërial, Acrobatic, Athletic, and
Gymnastic Departments.

STUPENDOUS ASSEMBLY OF NEW LIVING HUMAN PRODIGES.

TWO MAGNIFICENT AQUATIC ENTERTAINMENTS.
Novel Water Craft and Miniature Ships of War, representing
A DAY AT CONEY ISLAND, NEW YORK, AND
AMERICA'S GREAT NAVAL VICTORY AT SANTIAGO.

TWO GRAND EXHIBITIONS EVERY WEEK-DAY.
At 2 and 8 p.m. Doors open 12.30 and 6.30 p.m.

Every ticket entitling holder to a Reserved Numbered Seat and admitting to all Advertised
Departments without extra charge.

Prices: Amphitheatre, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s., and 7s. 6d., according to location; Arena Box Seats, 5s.;
Private Boxes, £2 15s. and £3 3s. Special Prices for Royal Box when not engaged. Children
between 4 and 10 years of age half-price to all except 1s. and 2s. Seats. Box Office open from 9 a.m.
to 9.30 p.m. 1s. and 2s. Seats on sale only after doors open. All other Seats may be booked in
advance at Box Office and at usual Libraries.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.—THE RIVIERA OF

ENGLAND.—Specially recommended by the Medical Profession as a Winter-Watering-
Place. Highest record for Sunshine. Improved Electric-Lighted Parade with glass sheltered
Seats and Band. Two Piers, High-class Concerts, Theatre, Golf Links, Fine Cycling Roads.
Frequent Fast Trains to and from London, Victoria, Charing Cross, Kensington (Addison
Road), Cannon Street, and London Bridge Stations.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, and AROUND the WORLD.

The magnificent STEAMERS of the PACIFIC MAIL and OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANIES leave SAN FRANCISCO TRI-MONTHLY. Choice of any
Atlantic Line to New York, thence by picturesque routes of the SOUTHERN PACIFIC
COMPANY. Stops allowed at points of interest.

For pamphlets, time schedules and through tickets apply to Ismay, Imrie, and Co., 30, James
Street, Liverpool; 34, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.; or to Rud. Falck, General European
Agent, London.—City Offices, 49, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; West End, 18, Cockspur Street, S.W.;
and 25, Water Street, Liverpool.

THE INTERNATIONAL PALACE HOTELS.

MONTE CARLO (Opens February)	RIVIERA PALACE.
NICE (CIMIEZ)	RIVIERA PALACE.
CAIRO	GHEZIREH PALACE.
CAIRO	SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL.

FULL PARTICULARS FROM THE LONDON OFFICES, 14, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

CANARY ISLANDS.—SANTA CATALINA HOTEL, Las Palmas

In midst of beautiful gardens, facing sea.
Sanitary arrangements perfect. English physician and nurse.
English Church. Golf. Tennis. Cycling.
The Canary Islands Company, Limited, 1, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.

10th Edition; 22nd Thousand; Cloth, 1/6; Paper Cover, 1/-.

THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY (Foods for the Fat).

By N. E. YORKE DAVIES, L.R. Coll. Phys. Lond., &c. Part I.—Contents: Evils of Corpulency—
Dangerous conditions due to Corpulency, such as Weak Heart, Breathlessness, Dropsy, Apoplexy,
&c.—Obesity the ruin of Beauty and the burden of Age—Diet the only safe and permanent cure at
any age—Quack Medicines, Purgatives, or Outward Applications fatal, dangerous, temporary, or
useless. Evils of Overeating and Sedentary Habits—Food in its Relation to Work, Exercise, &c., &c.
Part II.—Dietetics of Obesity.

Opinions of the Press.—"This work deserves careful study."—QUEEN. "The only safe and permanent cure of
obesity."—WESTERN GAZETTE. "This is the very best book on Corpulency that has ever been written."—LADY.
London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

"I should like to send you PICK-ME-UP every week. . . . It
is a dreadfully amusing paper — never fails to make me almost
yell."—MR. PINERO'S PLAY: "THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY."

NEW SERIES.**PICK-ME-UP.**

PRICE ONE PENNY. Office: 28, MAIDEN LANE, W.C.

LADIES AND THE "GARTER."

In the year of grace which has just passed into "the womb of time" no
single vacancy has occurred in the Order of the Garter, neither was one
extra (that is Royal) knight created. This is an extraordinary if not an
unprecedented occurrence. Here, then, is an opportunity, perhaps, to
raise once more the question, "Why not Lady Members" of the most
honourable Order of chivalry in the world? This is a period of Women's
Rights, and women are being admitted into almost every profession and
trade, yet there was a time, and that some centuries ago, when women
appear—at any rate, those of high estate—to have exercised a still greater
influence than even at present upon the powers that be. Dames of the
Garter would be no novelty, for though the fact is not, I venture to
think, popularly known, one of the very first objects of the Royal
Founder was to associate ladies with an Order which was said to exceed
"in Majesty, honour, and fame all chivalrous Orders in the world." In
those brave times when the third Edward was King, the Queen and
the wives and widows of the Knights of the Garter were permitted by
Royal sanction to wear the Habit of the Order on the feast-day of
St. George, and robes were given from the Royal Wardrobe of the same
colour and material as the surcoats of the Knights, and embroidered, like
them, with numerous small garters, encircled with that motto which has
become a part of the English language, the oft-quoted "Honi soit qui
mal y pense." Among a list of lady members, which it would be tedious
to quote at length, I cull some that are certainly of interest. There is
the "Fair Maid of Kent," the widow of the Black Prince, and mother of
the hapless Richard II.; there is the Lady Courtenay, of the fine old
West Country family, whose fortunes, alas, are by no means flourishing
in these latter days, a lady whom old Froissart styled "the fairest lady in
all England"; there is the Queen of Spain, and that Countess of Oxford,
granddaughter of Edward III., whom De Vere, her husband, desired to
repudiate "all for the love of" one "Lauconera," a Portuguese girl on
whom, to use an outrageous modernism, he appears to have been
"mashed." Then among a crowd of Countesses whose names are still
familiar both in history and in the peerage of to-day are those of
Salisbury and Derby, and yet another dame whose title is of great interest
at the moment, Lady Harcourt of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, a
Byron by birth and wife of Sir Robert Harcourt, a Knight of the Order.
In the church adjoining Stanton Harcourt is an effigy of this lady with
the Garter on her left arm. I believe a painting of her also exists
showing her "Garter" about the arm, where with ladies of the Order it
was always placed. The last Lady Knight was Margaret Beaufort, mother
of Henry VII., and Countess of Richmond. Then a change came o'er
the scene. Bluff King Hal may have had an overweening affection for
the weaker vessel, but hardly a chivalrous respect, and he disallowed
female association with the chivalry of St. George. On two separate
occasions since that monarch departed to his place efforts have been
made to repair his churlish act. It is somewhat odd that neither
"Bloody Mary," Elizabeth, Mary the wife of William of Orange, or good
Queen Anne, righted this wrong, and that in their reigns no record exists
of any attempt to right it. In 1638 the Chapter proposed to revive the
gentle custom. Charles I., with a chivalrous courtesy, left the matter
for his consort to decide. Then came the Civil Wars, and the Knights
of the Garter had other and sterner work to think about than Garters.
Again, in 1724, in the time of George I., the readmission of ladies was
most eloquently advocated by Anstis, who, in a letter to the Earl of
Pembroke, urged their claims on a nation "so tender of the rights and
privileges of the fair sex, and where beauty seems to have fixed her
Empire." But though the eloquence of Anstis made an impression, and
some years later it was even bruited abroad that Caroline, consort of
George II., would revive the custom, nothing came of it. A quarter of
a century ago an authority on matters heraldic pleaded for the revival of
the Lady Knights, but though we have a monarch whose appreciation
of her own sex has endowed them with honours on countless occasions,
these Lady Knights are non-existent, and the Garter, though not
unassociated with their charming personality, is not worn upon their
left arms.

W. C. F.

THE FLY-FISHERS' CLUB.

On Wednesday the Fly-Fishers' Club held its annual dinner at the Hôtel
Cecil, and there were gathered together nearly two hundred diners,
though the Marquis of Granby and many other members were unable to
be present. Sir Samuel Montagu was in the chair, and made an excellent
speech, full of dry humour—or perhaps, one should say, "dry-fly"
humour—in which he gave a pathetically comic account of his war
against the two curses of trout-streams—"pike and pollution." He also
offered, as a calculation founded on large study, a theory that the size of
the splendid fish which the angler does not land may be taken at
two-thirds of the angler's estimate. Mr. William Senior, well known to
the fishing world as "Red Spinner," the President, gave a pleasant
speech concerning the growth and prosperity of the now fourteen-year-
old club, and the splendid labours of its committee on fly-dressing, which
has resulted in a unique collection of material, and expressed the hope it
would soon have a better home. Mr. Basil Field proposed the guests in
a graceful speech, with an amusing category of fishers, to which
Mr. E. F. Spence replied. There were present many of the famous
modern fishers, including Mr. R. B. Marston, Mr. C. H. Cook ("John
Bickerdyke"), Mr. F. M. Halford, and Mr. Skues.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

We have recently had wild weather, no doubt, but not the genuine old frost and snow that used to reign. They have been luckier in that respect in India, for I have just received some photographs showing how our brethren in India have enjoyed skating and curling this winter.

From Dharmsala, in the Punjab, two small photographs—unfortunately, they will not admit of reproduction—of this sort have just reached me. It is but once in six or eight years that the winter is severe enough to produce ice sufficiently strong to skate on. The lake, about 150 yards by 80 yards broad, is situated in one of the hill-stations in the North Punjab, at an elevation of about 6500 feet. The ice is formed by a sharp frost directly after a very heavy fall of snow, and two nights after the snow-fall the ice will bear. It is possible to skate only up till about nine in the morning, after which the sun makes the surface too soft. This winter (1898-99) the ice lasted for six days, and all who could procure skates were on the lake at daybreak each day. This is possible only when a heavy fall of snow is followed by clear weather; as a rule, snow falls again the second day, and the ice rots under a foot of this without giving a chance of skating.

Dharmsala is fortunate in possessing this small lake at such an elevation that only the heaviest snow-falls reach it, and, at the same time, sufficiently high to get a frost severe enough to form ice that is possible to skate on. This is the first time since 1891 that there has been skating even in Dharmsala.

But at home the curler has had poor sport. However, Lord Balfour of Burleigh had a day or two on the ice before he came up for the opening of Parliament, as you will note by this picture of his lordship.

The Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia is to go, next May, to Bulgaria to inaugurate a monastery in the Shipka Pass. As most people know, these monasteries are generally pretexts for establishing military outposts and dépôts of ammunition at convenient points. Prince Ferdinand is naturally annoyed by this move, but, owing

so much as he does to the Tsar, he has no choice but to put a pleasant face upon the matter. He has accordingly invited the Grand Duke to visit him at Sofia, and will probably take an opportunity of assisting at the ceremony, in order to find out as much as he can for future reference and use. The position of a Balkan ruler is a peculiar one.



LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH CURLING.

Photo by Brown, Lanark.

Sir H. Sanderson.

Lady Bradford.



Mr. Hesketh Bell.

Sir H. E. Hamilton.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain.

POLITICAL GUESTS OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT Highbury, Birmingham.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.

The dearest paper in Ireland is the *Clare Journal*, the title of which I reproduce. Like the *Times* in far-off days, the *Clare Journal* consists of four small pages, and its price is threepence. The *Times* is



A DEAR JOURNAL.

now an enormous threepennyworth, and I cordially wish its Irish contemporary the same prosperous growth.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has made an excellent beginning of the Opposition leadership in the Commons, but what a terrible mouthful of a name! It is fatiguing to speak, and costly to print. Can't he drop some of his double-barrelled, hyphenated celebrity. Bannerman must remain, I suppose, as it symbolises the carrying of the flag, but the Campbells ought to be going. A despairing journalist proposes to settle the difficulty by calling the new leader Sir Henry, but there is only one Sir Henry for the public, and, if this suggestion be adopted, we shall soon be puzzled to know who is leading the Opposition and who is managing the Lyceum. A much better plan is whispered by a Liberal official whose shrewdness is always equal to an emergency. Gladstone was known as "Mr. G." Why not call Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman (I am nearly dead with writing the name) simply "C. B."? What a boon for leader-writers and platform orators!

Mr. John Morley gives proof daily that he has not abandoned his Parliamentary career. Instead of retiring permanently to his study, he sits day after day on the Front Opposition Bench. If the new leader and his lieutenants are to be diligent in attendance, so also is Mr. Morley. From his corner seat he watches the course of events. It is the corner next to the gangway, beyond which sit Mr. Labouchere and Sir Charles Dilke. Here for several years Lord Hartington lounged and embarrassed the Gladstone Liberals. In those days, when the bench was crowded, the presence of Lord Hartington and his Unionist colleagues was objected to by some of their former friends, who were not always willing to make room for them, and who complained of the allies of the Conservatives being so near the headquarters of the Liberal Party. There is not the same feeling in Mr. Morley's case—not yet, at any rate. No communication passes between the leaders and the colleague who has left them; but, on the other hand, nobody grudges him the corner. It has been relinquished by Sir Robert Reid, who formerly occupied it. Sir Robert sits next to Mr. Morley, and there are usually one or two subordinate members of the late Ministry between him and Mr. Asquith, the left-hand neighbour of the new leader. Mr. Morley seems to have cheerfully abandoned his old habits. Occupants of the Front Opposition Bench usually enter from behind the Speaker's chair, but the member for the Montrose Burghs enters now at the Bar, so that he reaches his seat without passing his former colleagues.

Mr. Dillon's resignation of the leadership of the Irish Nationalists has not yet made any outward change in the House. His seat is the same as before. Leaders do not occupy the end seat of their bench. Lord Randolph Churchill, as leader of the Fourth Party, was an exception—he occupied the corner now appropriated by Mr. Labouchere. Mr. John Redmond also has a corner, but his party is so small that he can scarcely prop himself up with lieutenants, like the more important leaders. The chiefs of the two great English parties sit opposite to each other, between their principal lieutenants, two or three seats from the head of their respective benches. Mr. Parnell occupied the third seat on the third bench below the gangway. This seat is now reserved for Mr. Dillon. His rival, Mr. Healy, takes the top seat when he can. Sometimes a bold compatriot seizes it, but Mr. Dillon is always found in the same place. Mr. Swift MacNeill separates him from Mr. Healy, and on his other hand are his principal counsellors, Mr. Michael Davitt, Mr. Blake, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor. His influence will probably continue to be supreme, whatever arrangement may be made as to the nominal leadership. It is a mistake to think of him as a man in whom policy is at the mercy of passion. He is a politician of cool judgment.

THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD-hopes that

Ellen Sullivan No. 57

will come to Tea with her on Wednesday, February 8th, at 5.15 p.m. in the Foreign Flower Market, Covent Garden, and afterwards go to the Pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre.

PLEASE BRING THIS CARD WITH YOU.

THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD SITS IN THE PIT.

On Wednesday evening the Duchess of Bedford took a number of "flower-girls"—technically, "basket-women"—from Covent Garden Market to Drury Lane Theatre, after giving them tea. She sat among her guests in the pit, and they all seemed to thoroughly enjoy the pantomime.

Quite an animated correspondence on "Shooting in the New Forest" was that which has now come to an end in the *Field*. As you probably know, anyone who chooses to take out a licence at the cost of £20 may shoot in the Forest himself, while a £30 licence allows him to invite an occasional friend; and some of these shooting tenants of the Crown have not been satisfied with the sport they obtained, one gentleman having been reduced to the truly desperate resource of shooting bottles thrown up for him by the sympathetic guide who could show him anything in the Forest except game. Of course, a large area of common-land like this is very difficult to preserve, but examination of the returns of game killed thereon in recent years shows that the slayer of bottles and other complainers must have been very unfortunate. Between twelve and fifteen thousand head of game and rabbits are killed every season by the licensees, who number from thirty to thirty-five. Surely an average bag of four or five hundred head per man is a better return for £20 than one would be likely to get on any shooting obtainable at that rent, or double the amount. The truth is that to get sport on the fifteen or sixteen thousand acres of which the New Forest shooting consists, the licence-purchaser must learn the ground and ascertain where to go. That there is enough game to give a return for the outlay is proved by the fact that there are a good many men who have cheerfully paid their £20 regularly every season for the last ten, fifteen—aye, twenty years.

Interest in things colonial, and especially in Imperial trade, is the interest of the hour, and everything that extends our knowledge on this subject is welcome. From the Agent-General of New Brunswick I have received a report treating of the rise and progress of St. John, New Brunswick, which during the last three years has become the chief winter port of Canada. The subsidies granted in 1895, '96, and '97 by the Canadian Parliament to steamships trading between St. John and the Mother Country, and the withdrawal of subsidies from steamers trading between Britain and Portland, Maine, had an immediate effect on the trade of St. John. This port is held to have solved the problem of Canadian trade through Canadian channels. In winter, when the St. Lawrence is closed, there is no longer any necessity to carry on the Dominion trade through foreign ports. The Canadian Parliament has voted half-a-million dollars to extend the wharf, warehouse, elevator, and railway facilities of St. John, which is rapidly justifying the title, "the Liverpool of America," prophetically bestowed upon it forty years ago by the late Hon. John Boyd. Business-men will find the pamphlet, the cover of which I reproduce, very good reading indeed. There are capital illustrations, maps, and plans.



With the commencement of the Parliamentary Session comes "Debrett's House of Commons and Judicial Bench," which remains quite the most handsome Parliamentary annual.

Does cabby realise what his little protest last Monday week cost the theatres? I daresay he can imagine unaided the amount of damage done to people with weak constitutions who had to go from hot theatres into the pitiless streets, but the former item will be rather a revelation. Ill-luck led me round theatreland on that particular evening, and I took occasion by the hand and asked certain managers what the cab-strike had cost them. The figure named by the manager of one of the largest variety houses was £200; another set the loss down at a £120. One theatre reckoned its fall below the average attendance at the value of £90, another named £70 as the figure, and a third £60. The trouble does not end with the evening. Many people with boxes and stalls returned their vouchers on the following morning, pointing out that they could not reach the theatre, and asking that the seats might be changed for another night. In most cases this has been done. One house had ten boxes out of twelve sold when the curtain rose on the Monday night. Only two were occupied during the evening, and six of the other eight holders applied on Tuesday for their vouchers to be renewed for another night. On the Tuesday night theatrical business was bad all round, because the playgoing public was uncertain of the cabman's mood, and was not disposed to take any risks. I daresay the loss to theatres on the two nights did not amount to much less than £3000.

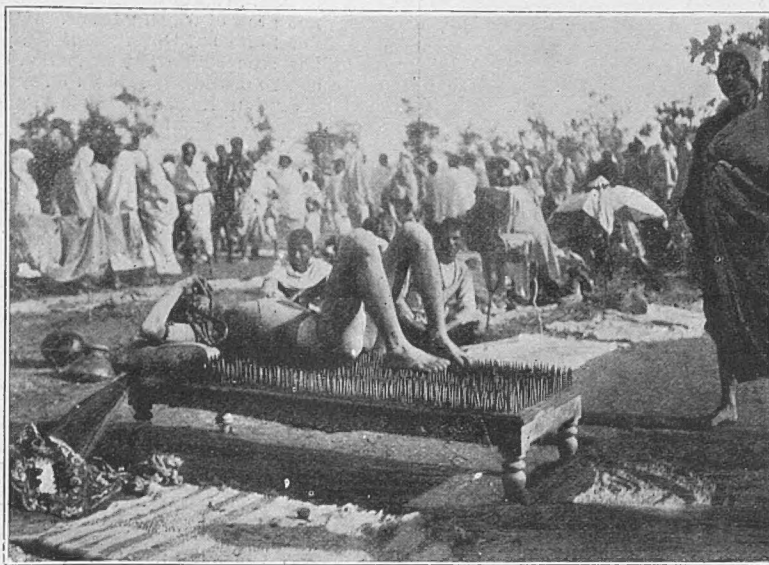
I have received from Calcutta this picture of a very sacred Hindoo Bathing Fair that takes place annually on the last day of the month of Pous (Jan. 12 to 14 this year), at the southern extremity of the island of Sagar at the mouth of the Hooghly River. This particular Bathing Fair is resorted to by hundreds of Hindu ascetics from all parts of India. The photo represents one of these ascetics reclining on a bed of tenpenny nails quietly telling his beads. His disciples are seated just beyond him. The fair is called the "Ganga-Sagar Mela." The legend in connection therewith commemorates the bringing down of the Ganges River from the Himalayas by Bhagiratte in order to save the Sagar Raja from the fearful calamities that befell him owing to the wrath of a holy man whom he had offended, named Kopil Mani. The fair is held on the seashore, and it is quite impossible to get to the place in ordinary country boats, except at this time of the year. It is computed that about fifty thousand people visited the fair this year.

We knew that the rats were more than suspected of spreading plague infection in Bombay, and also that they died of the disease, or a murine form of it, themselves. My Calcutta contemporary, the *Asian*, says that the District Plague Officer in Bangalore reports the death of monkeys and deer in the Government Gardens under circumstances which are at least suspicious. In the case of the four monkeys there was no room to doubt that they died of plague; but the deer, three in number, did not show the characteristic symptoms. Dead rats were found in the cage where the monkey victims were confined, and also in the deer-paddock, and it is supposed that the rats brought the infection. This theory is strengthened by the fact that both the monkeys and deer were housed against a wall which encloses the gardens, and close to which stands a plague-stricken village. Squirrels also have been found dead in the Bangalore Gardens, and, as rats readily contract the disease, it is not wonderful that other rodents should do the same, particularly such confiding little creatures as the common squirrel of India, which are quite domestic in their habits.

A curious experiment was carried out recently by the Indian military authorities. By the kindness of Lord Elgin, seconded by Captain Goodridge, R.N., Director of the Royal Indian Marine, three hundred sick soldiers were given a trip to Suez in the *Clive*, being fellow-passengers with Lord Elgin and his family. The men returned from Suez to Bombay by the same steamer, having had more than a month at sea. Should the report be favourable, the Quartermaster-General in India will endeavour to arrange for other trips of the same kind. It is

said that the expense involved is trifling, and the men are likely to derive far more benefit from such a trip than from a stay in the hills.

Why are amateurs let loose in the reviews to write about Lord Beaconsfield's novels? One of them takes up pages of the *Nineteenth Century* with a bald outline of the story of "Tancred." He tells us that Dizzy sometimes wrote with "surpassing grace." Now you may find epigram and satire in Disraeli's novels, but grace never. The amateur gives a specimen of the "surpassing" quality, and it contains two phrases which are simply fatal to style. One is "regal pile," and the other is "haughty keep." By the first Dizzy meant a palace, and by the second a castle. He was equally graceful when he described the dairy in "Lothair," with its "plentiful platters of daintily formed butter."



A RELIGIOUS DEVOTEE IN CALCUTTA LYING ON NAILS.

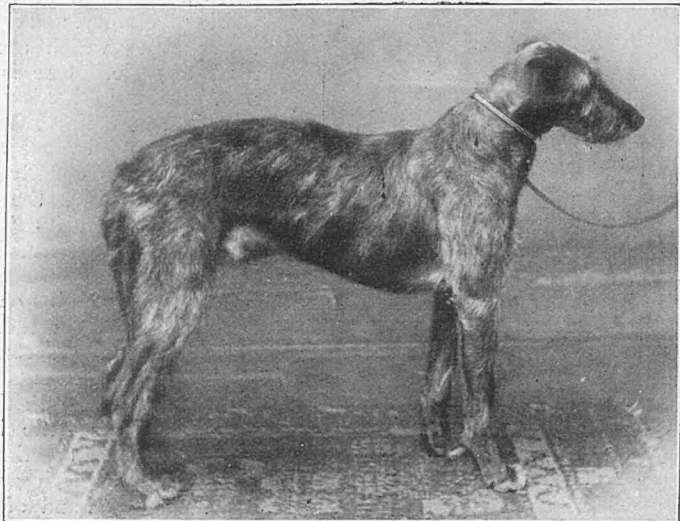
A tennis club on Mount Olympus sounds rather incongruous, but the accompanying photograph represents a large proportion of the British community of the little island of Cyprus gathered together at their weekly tennis-meeting up in the hills. "The Land of Venus" during the greater part of the year boasts of an almost ideal climate; but during the months of July, August, and September, the heat in the plains becomes very trying to foreigners, and there is a general migration up to the ancient haunt of the gods. Mount Olympus is the highest peak in the Troödos range. The mountain is accessible from Limassol, the chief seaport of the island, by a fairly good carriage-road for those who prefer driving, and from Nicosia on the north and Papho on the south by mule-tracks and bridle-paths.

What a relief it is, after leaving the hot, steaming plains, where existence is like a perpetual Turkish-bath, to gradually feel the air getting cooler and fresher, and, at last, after a steep climb of several hours on a sturdy and sure-footed little Cyprus pony, to find oneself glad to don the long-discarded great-coat and to inhale the pure air of the mountains! Everyone on Mount Olympus lives under canvas, unless fortunate enough to be the happy possessor of a hut, and, if that hut has a fireplace or a stove, one is indeed blest. My correspondent stayed in tents from June to the end of September. The journey by the Ostend-Vienna express to Trieste, and from there by Austrian-Lloyd to Alexandria and Limassol, takes only nine days. Or, if a longer sea voyage is not a drawback, an easy and very interesting route is the "Messageries Maritimes" from Marseilles to Larnaca, touching at Crete, Athens, Smyrna, Constantinople, Rhodes, and Beyrout. This latter way takes from twelve to fourteen days, without any change of steamer.



A TENNIS CLUB ON MOUNT OLYMPUS, CYPRUS.

The larger breeds of the fashionable dogs of the day are always in a preponderance at the Islington Show, and for these the floor of the hall is invariably reserved. This year has proved no exception to the rule, and the bloodhounds, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, Great Danes, deerhounds, and other big dogs made a grand show. Of the former, the two



THE DEERHOUND, RUGBY BEN-MY-CHREE.

Photo by Wilkinson, Devizes.

leading kennels, Mrs. H. L. Horsfall's and Mr. Robert Leadbetter's, were well represented, though Mrs. Horsfall had kept back the all-conquering Champion Hannibal of Redgrave. Great interest was felt in two splendid specimens, new to London, and exhibited by Mr. W. H. Boyes, of Bolton, Lancashire, Tyras-de-Grace and Les de Grace. The former made his debut in England at the recent Brighton Show, having just emerged from the hated and ridiculous quarantine. Les de Grace was then still in durance, and appeared for the first time at Cruft's, where both figured as prize-winners. Tyras-de-Grace is a very large and powerful dog of a lovely silvery-fawn colour. He has just entered upon his fifth year of life. He is by Tyras Rost ex Maiblume, both well-known to Continental breeders of these magnificent hounds.

Deerhounds were a typical and representative collection, headed by Mrs. Hebe Carthew's perfect specimen, Rugby Ben-My-Chree. This young dog—he is not yet two years old—was chosen by the compilers of Cruft's catalogue to be one to illustrate it, as being the perfect type of a Scottish deerhound. The other so honoured was Mr. Hood Wright's Champion Selwood Dkouran, a well-known and older dog. Rugby Ben-My-Chree also made his debut at Brighton, where he won four firsts and several specials, and at Cruft's continued his victorious career. His mistress, Mrs. Hebe Carthew, is not only his proud owner, but can claim the additional honour of having bred him herself. He is by Champion Kelso ex Ruby Cora. He is certainly one of the most graceful of his kind living, and his disposition is as charming as is his appearance. With ordinary good luck, he will soon become one of the recognised champions of this ancient and historic breed.

A Canadian girl writes to me as follows—

Having read with interest the article by Mr. John Fraser in *The Sketch* of Jan. 28, may I be permitted to draw his attention to the Indians of the Lake of the Woods district, Canada—Fenimore Cooper's Indians—who, though having no scalps dangling from their belts, still carry tomahawks and wear moccasins? Those met by Mr. Fraser on his trip from Atlantic to Pacific I am familiar with, also the warlike Pueblos and peaceful Navajos of New Mexico and Arizona; but the Indian one sees at a railway-station or in a town is like the Arab whose toilette of flowing garments and tarbush is completed by an English covert-coat. When one penetrates a hundred miles from any settlement in North-Western Ontario, by canoe and portaging in summer, or by dog-train in winter, one finds the Redskin on his own familiar ground. With no thaw for five months, everything covered with snow, and the thermometer at twenty below zero, one finds the Redskin, in furs and moccasins, going through the forest on snowshoes, laying his traps. Then the skins—beaver, otter, mink, and mayhap a silver fox—are brought in to the white man, who, if honest, pays an equivalent, or, if unscrupulous, a gun is stood up—and it isn't a good Webley—and the Indian exchanges for it a pile the same height as the gun of his valuable furs. In the spring, when the ice breaks on lake and river, the birch-bark canoe, that faithful friend in those streams of narrow channels and rapids, is taken out and a long season's fishing commences. Perch, bass, salmon, longe abound, and form the Indian's staple article of food during the summer months. Each deep, dark pool, and white, rushing stream is known to the dusky inhabitant of these woods, and, from personal experience, I have not found him dishonest. He is very superstitious about stealing after sundown, and, if Mr. Fraser has not done so, he would enjoy the sport afforded and the entertainment provided by an old Indian's stories on the shores of the Nipigon.

Mr. Philip Verrill Mighels, an American author, now residing in London, writes me also concerning Mr. Fraser's article—

It contains a number of inaccurate statements which detract from the few virtues still possessed by the Indians of the far western United States. Mr. Mighels was born and raised in Nevada, among the Indians who were mentioned, and he wishes to insist that, whatever faults the Washoes and Pah Utes may have acquired, they are never guilty of stealing chickens. Indeed (he says), Indians, as a rule, may be said not to steal anything at all—a

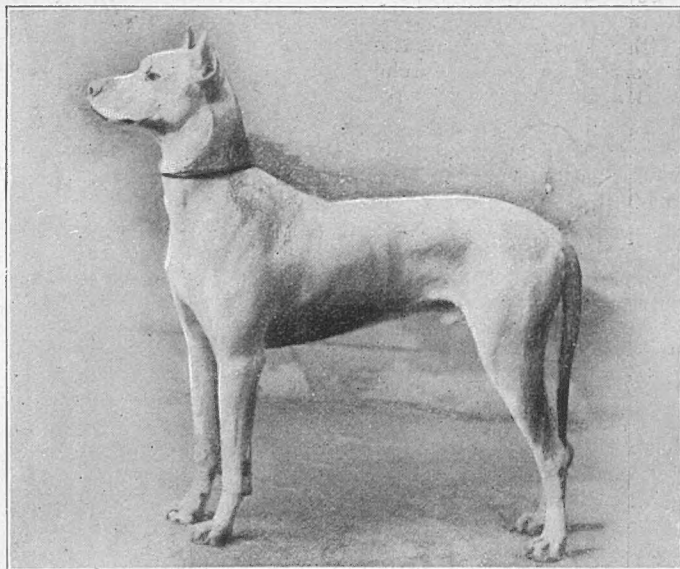
fact which is always admitted by those who know them best. Suggesting other amendments to the article in question, Mr. Mighels says the Government Reservations in Nevada are not "fenced-in swamps," but often valuable properties of great extent; for instance, that of Pyramid Lake, which includes this fine body of water and all the land about it for a distance of two miles, the said lake being unparalleled for magnificent trout-fishing, and the sage-brush being abundantly stocked with rabbits, quail, grouse, and sage-hen, all of which are exempt from pursuit by the whites. Again, nearly all Washoes do live out in the brush, in wigwams of their own construction; also many of the women and men employ "paint" almost constantly, and this is always red enough to signify war or anything imaginable. They do own and ride horses, not a few of which "bronchos" are decidedly "fiery." The Indian schools are not State but Government institutions, and on the black-boards Mr. Mighels has seen ample demonstration of the fact that the "savages" can and do absorb arithmetic, not to mention very creditable ideas of drawing. At Hampton Roads, Virginia, full-blooded Indians absorb a college education much in the manner of the ordinary student.

Antonio Apache is one of the Curators of the Columbian Museum, Chicago; and numbers could be mentioned who have proved the Indian's capacity for receiving instruction in the normal, human manner. The small Indian boy does not "set traps for birds." Mr. Mighels never saw or heard of an Indian who owned a "pig." There are splendid "hunting-grounds," and fishing-waters as well, not only still preserved and accessible to the Indians, but utilised by them constantly. They are privileged to hunt across any man's ranch or cattle-range or timber reserve. They kill rabbits (two kinds), woodchucks, quail, grouse, wild ducks, geese, deer, and even bear, and catch or spear trout, land-locked salmon, perch, white-fish, and chub. Innumerable men and women do work, many at jobs requiring constancy, patience, and skill. Large numbers of their blankets, and all of their fur robes and baskets, they manufacture themselves. Moccasins they not only wear to a considerable extent, but also they sell them to visiting strangers and to white hunters. Lastly, the women are frequently of most "attractive appearance" and demeanour. These are the young ones, bright-eyed, oval-faced, buxom, lithe, modest, and possessing rich red-brown complexions and white even teeth over which an artist would certainly be pardoned for "raving."

Mr. Mighels adds that the article is remarkably comprehensive and direct in many respects, seeming to contain only the natural mis-statements common to the traveller who gets a snapshot negative on the line of the one great railway traversing that Western country.

Messrs. J. A. Lumley and Co., the well-known estate-agents of Lumley House, 34, St. James's Street, have sent me a most useful little booklet containing particulars of salmon-rivers and shooting-grounds available in Norway. A book of this kind was really much needed, for hitherto the only way to guard against disappointment has been to make an expensive preliminary tour of inspection to the promised lands and waters: here, in compact and convenient shape, you have full particulars of the best reaches on the best salmon-rivers, with information also concerning the game. The particulars of last season's baskets (if you may call such a catch as twenty-two salmon, thirty-eight grilse, and forty sea-trout, taken on a two-mile reach in June and July, a "basket") are enough to make one's mouth water; and the rents are ridiculously moderate, measured by Scottish and Irish standards.

If you are not an angler, there is abundant food for the rifle: bears, wolves, and lynx may be killed without licence, and a permit, costing now about £10, allows you to try your hand on Government grounds at reindeer-stalking—so well described by Mr. Chapman in "Wild Norway." For the great elk and for stag special licences are required. I see that Messrs. Lumley have bought up all the netting rights on the famous Mandal River; the netmen were spoiling this splendid salmon-water for the rod, and Messrs. Lumley's spirited action in thus securing it for anglers will win the respect and lively gratitude of all sportsmen.



THE GREAT DANE, TYRAS-DE-GRACE.

Photo by Berry and Sons, Moses Gate.

Mr. Samuel Brown, of 4, Sydney Place, Bath, writes to inform me that, by an inadvertence, I described Jane Austen's house at Bath as "24, Sydney Place," instead of No. 4. The photograph was correct, but its title contained this important inaccuracy.

I am in serious trouble. A publication called the *Drapery Buyer*—apparently a very prosperous and well-conducted journal of the drapery trade—is indignant because I stated in these columns that bank-clerks and drapers' assistants were not precisely on the same plane. I hinted that the bank-clerk was a skilled workman, whereas the man who measured out yards of tape was not. But I should never have called in question that "a man's a man for a' that," and I would never for a moment have hinted that there had not been men who have left the drapery business to achieve success in other lines, or that there are not capitalist drapers who have made a world-wide name for themselves. The *Drapery Buyer* gives some examples of this:—

Caxton, the first English printer, was once a draper's assistant; Sir Thomas Gresham, who founded the Royal Exchange, was a draper; and so, too, was Sir Thomas White, who founded St. John's College, Oxford. John Gay, the poet and author of "The Beggars' Opera," was apprenticed to a draper; Captain Cook, the famous navigator, served his apprenticeship with a Mr. Sanderson, a draper of Staithes, Yorkshire; while William Fox, the founder of the Sunday School Society, was in business as a draper at Oxford. Then Daniel Defoe, whose story, "Robinson Crusoe," has no rival among works of adventure, was for many years a hosiery factor in the City; while the Boleyns, the ancestors of Queen Elizabeth, were drapers and mercers in London. John O'Shanassy, the first Australian Prime Minister called upon to govern an Australian colony by popular vote, was a draper in Melbourne; and James Hannington, Bishop of the Church of England in Central Africa, so cruelly done to death at Uganda in 1885, was, as a young man, an assistant in his father's drapery establishment at Brighton.

And again—

Before dismissing the subject entirely, I must add just one more name to my list of distinguished drapers' assistants. I refer to M. Adolphe d'Ennery, the famous French playwright, who died on Wednesday in last week at Paris, in his eighty-ninth year. He was a very popular author, and the most prolific of French dramatists, though the bank-clerk aforesaid will doubtless be truly sorry to hear that d'Ennery's father was a clothier, and that the playwright himself commenced life as a haberdasher's assistant. The story is told of him that he was much chaffed by his family and intimate friends because he employed most of his leisure in scribbling.

Of course, all these examples scarcely touch the point of the argument. There have been self-made men in every walk of life, and one might as well bring together all the examples of the cadgers who have become successful merchants, and who have laid the foundation of their fortunes by picking up horse-shoes in the streets, after the manner of Samuel Burrage, to demonstrate that the London street-cadger was socially and financially on the same plane as the barrister. I can only repeat that, with a



MISS EDITH MARTIN.

Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

full recognition of the long list of honourable men, of wealthy men, and of distinguished men who have been associated with the drapery trade from the past to the present, the average draper's assistant is not quite in so good a position for purchasing an expensive bicycle as the average bank-clerk, and that is what the matter reduces itself to.

Miss Edith Martin is a very attractive and talented young harpist now away from our Metropolis on an important provincial tour, though she made her debut here last autumn at the Promenade Concerts in the Queen's Hall, and will shortly return to fill some important engagements. Miss Martin was born in Boston in 1878, and there began her studies on the harp under Professor Schaecker, at the same time taking violin lessons from the Director of the Boston Conservatoire, and she has also taken a diploma for piano-playing. A little later on she decided to go to Vienna, in order to pursue her studies on her favourite instrument, under the guidance of the famous virtuoso Professor Zamara, at the same time working at harmony and counterpoint under Professor Robert Fuchs, and also taking singing-lessons, for she has so sweet and full a voice that she has been seriously advised to go to Italy for its further cultivation. Miss Martin graduated at the Vienna Conservatoire, after three years' study, with the first prize and other high honours.

By a slip of the pen, in the recent short article on "Relics of the Seaforths," it was said that only two of their "honours" were gained "against European troops," instead of that "only two were gained in Europe." A correspondent writes from Banff to point out that "Java" is one of the Seaforths' colour-names, the old 78th (Ross-shire Buffs) having "greatly distinguished themselves there in the action against the French" near Batavia in 1811. "In this splendid and decisive victory (he says) the Grenadier Company of the 78th formed part of the storming party under Colonel Robert Rollo Gillespie, while

the rest of the regiment was hotly engaged, losing their colonel, Campbell, and nearly a hundred killed and wounded. Colonel Campbell was buried in Batavia, and his grave is still to be seen behind the Post Office in that town." Speaking of the "King's Men," I may add that their latest distinction is to head the list in the records of marching in the Army Manœuvres of last autumn. While some regiments had many of their number fall out during long marches, the 2nd Seaforth's had very few, and in one stiff march of seventeen miles did not lose a man.

The article on "Instruments of Torture" which appeared in these columns the other day has drawn forth the accompanying photograph of the Market-Place at Poulton-in-the-Fylde, near Blackpool. You will observe that the Market Cross has on one side the stocks and on the other the whipping-post. There is also a stone table, on which market produce is offered for sale.



STOCKS AT POULTON-IN-THE-FYLDE.

Mr. Norman Forbes founded the first halfpenny morning paper in London. It was called the *Morning*. That was several years before the present paper of that name came into existence.

This photograph, taken from life, is valuable in more ways than one. Firstly, it was taken in this country, and, secondly, the naturalist-photographer was lucky enough to catch the birds on a fir-tree, the cones and sprigs of which are very prominently displayed. The importance of this becomes more apparent when it is stated that in this situation these birds are in one of their native elements, and the seeds of the fir-cones constitute one of the articles which go to make up its variable diet. The



CROSSBILLS.

Photographed from Life by Mr. H. Stone, of Taunton.

pips of apples. The plumage of the Crossbill is remarkable, as it undergoes several changes of colour. Hudson says that, "in their various greens and reds and yellows, they are like Tanagers and other tropical families, and form an exception of the rule that birds of brilliant plumage are restricted to regions of brilliant sunshine."

The two birds here illustrated were probably members of a flock seen at Yeovil, Somerset, on Dec. 15 of last year, six of which Mr. Stanley Lewis records in the January number of the *Zoologist*, as having received from Mr. E. Little, Gun Manufacturer, of Yeovil, although, since as long ago as July, small flocks have been seen in the neighbourhood of Taunton. In Somersetshire the Crossbills frequent the orchards and fields where the waste from the cider-mills is placed, and there they feed on the

Blackwood's Magazine "No. M"—what a record that is! I congratulate most heartily the Blackwoods on their millennium. Since they started, the whole world of magazines has changed completely, but the Blackwoods have kept to their own old way, even to the delightful



cover. This thousandth number, which contains two hundred and eighty-three pages, has a great array of talent—Andrew Lang, Joseph Conrad, Maurice Hewlett, Beatrice Harraden, Sir Henry Brackenbury, and others. It is a splendid number, the fitting crowning of a splendid career.

Mr. Quiller-Couch has written an extraordinary letter in *Concord*, in which he asserts that the journalists are in favour of war because it "lines their pockets." He also accuses them of doing their utmost to inflame the passions of nations for this unholy end. I cannot congratulate him on his discernment. This diatribe is provoked by the criticism of the Tsar's proposals in the British Press. Let us take two journals which have been prominent with this criticism. Nobody who

knows the editor of the *Daily Chronicle* would suspect him of a passion for war. His opinion is that the Tsar's proposals, or some of them, are more likely to increase the temptations to war than to lessen them. Why should this judgment be ascribed to a desire to line his pockets or the pockets of his proprietors? Then there is the *Spectator*, which thinks that the Tsar is a dreamer. Of what possible advantage can war be to the *Spectator*, which employs no special correspondents, and does not publish exciting telegrams? Why does it not occur to Mr. Quiller-Couch, who is an intelligent man, that it is quite consistent with a genuine love of peace to be convinced that a particular method of ensuring peace is wholly impracticable? This talk about the lining of pockets is so wild that it can excite no feeling but regret for the misapplication of Mr. Quiller-Couch's nervous temperament.

The name of the artist who took the beautiful photographs of Sir Henry Irving which I reproduced the other week was Mr. E. W. (and not Mr. Charles) Histed, of Binstead, in the Isle of Wight.

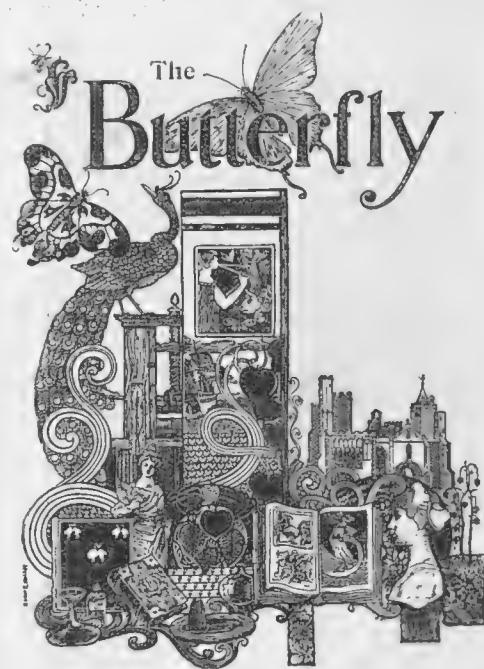
The lectures of Dr. Priebisch which are being delivered at University College come with special appropriateness at a moment when there seems to be a revival of interest in German literature. The course delivered by Dr. Priebisch has already included two lectures on Lenau, the Hungarian Byron. The remaining two subjects to be treated will be Walter von der Vogelweide (on Feb. 22), and the "History of an Apocryphal Letter of Jesus Christ on the observation of the Sabbath," to be given on March 8. This lecture will be delivered in English. Dr. Priebisch is a graduate of Leipzig, and has studied extensively in England, at the Bodleian, at the British Museum, and at Cambridge. His "German Manuscripts in England" is a masterly contribution to philology. In that treatise he gives an able account of the German and Dutch Manuscripts at Oxford and Cambridge, and in the libraries of the Earls of Ashburnham and Crawford.

The artistic spirit of Edinburgh has apparently received a severe shock by the sight of what is familiarly called "The Whisky Curtain" at the Lyceum Theatre in that city. It has long been customary at pantomime time to use the drop-scene for the purposes of advertising on a catholic scale, but this year the curtain has been monopolised by a well-known firm of whisky-distillers, and every evening now the sensitive eyes of the Auld Reekies must submit to the sight of a monster figure of a British man-o'-warman guiding the helm on which is put forth the particular virtues of this particular spirit. The daily papers have been inundated with correspondence on the subject, the most vivacious of the letter-writers being an American residing in Scotland, who pours

forth satirical invective on the theatre, on the artistic feeling of the city, and particularly on the Professor of Fine Art, whose mild protests against the Philistinism of the theatre lessees he regards with contempt. However, the curtain does not seem to make any sign of departure, but I should fancy the particular distillery advertised is risking too much when it joins the theatre people in defying the sensitive Scot. And whisky is not a very safe commodity in Scotland at present.

Sixty-one years is a long time to devote to one branch of the public service, and, to achieve such a record, one must begin very young. When William IV. was King, Mr. William Philp began his duties as Registrar of Births and Deaths at Launceston, a picturesque old Cornish borough, with its ivy-covered Norman castle, the grounds of which were laid out by a former Duke of Northumberland as pleasure-gardens. Mr. Philp was appointed Registrar on the passing of the Registration Act early in 1837, so that he can claim to be the oldest official under the Act in all England; it is doubtful if there is another official now serving who was in the first batch of appointments. Since the institution of vaccination, he has also been the local vaccination-officer. He has now decided to retire, and no one will deny that he deserves a rest after all these years of active service. It is a coincidence that the Registrar of Marriages at Launceston, Mr. William Cater, has served for forty-seven years, while Dr. Arthur Wade, in the not-far-distant village of Boscastle, known to all visitors to the county of "Tre, Pol, and Pen," has acted as Registrar of Births and Deaths for the past fifty-three years, and Mr. R. G. Lake, J.P., of St. Austell, the Senior Superintendent Registrar in the county, claims over half-a-century's service. Another old Registrar in West Cornwall is Mr. Thomas J. Joyce, of St. Keverne, who has served for forty-two years, while Mr. Q. C. L. Glubb, of Liskeard, and Mr. W. Crocker, of Lerrin, have acted as Registrars for forty-one years. Cornwall is a long-living county.

The *Butterfly*, which, under Mr. Raven-Hill's editorship, had a brief but brilliant existence in 1893, is to be revived in a new form next month. The size and appearance will be different, but several of the old names will be associated with the new venture, including that of Mr. Raven-Hill himself. The magazine will consist largely of drawings, which will be contributed by, among others, Raven-Hill, Maurice Greiffenhagen, S. H. Sime, Max Beerbohm, Joseph Pennell, J. W. T. Manuel, G. D. Armour, E. J. Sullivan, and Edgar Wilson, who will also be the Art Editor. Arthur Morrison, Barry Pain, H. D. Lowry, and "Adrian Ross" will be among the literary contributors. The *Butterfly* will be, for a sixpenny magazine, small—only sixty pages. It will appear on March 1, and the publisher will be Mr. Grant Richards. I reproduce Mr. Edgar Wilson's design for the cover.



THE "BUTTERFLY" HAS EMERGED FROM ITS CHRYSLIS STATE.

There is great distress in Jerusalem at the moment owing to the enhanced price of flour, and, on behalf of the Jewish population there, a curious circular has been issued in Hebrew and English and sent broadcast into England and America. It is signed by the Chief Rabbi of the German and Polish Jews, who can hardly be less than ninety years of age, and is of very venerable presence. He has long white hair and beard, and looks every inch a patriarch; he is nearly blind with age, and has quite an army of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. Wages are very low in Jerusalem, employment is very hard to get, and, though you can buy a chicken for fivepence, such a sum is not easily obtained. Thousands of pounds flow into the Holy City during the year, collected by the charitable for the poor of all faiths, but the distribution is open to the gravest abuses, and the proportion of money properly expended is small. If there could be an efficient central committee composed of representatives of all the nations, men above suspicion, I believe Jerusalem would come from poverty to comparative affluence in a short space of time.

The Gordon College Ball at the Cecil was a great success. The facility with which supper can be served makes the Cecil the ideal place for such a function, and the enormous size of the building prevents a crush. The floor, polished with Ronuk, was perfect.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON
SESSION 1898-99
PUBLIC EVENING LECTURES
German Literature.
Professor R. PRIEBSCH, Ph.D.,
WILL DELIVER FOLK LECTURES
ON WEDNESDAY EVENINGS
AT 8.30
JANUARY 20th FEBRUARY 1st and 22nd
MARCH 8th
As under—
I and II—(January 20th and February 1st)
Leben und Werke Ernst des österreichischen-Lied Eysen
III—(February 22nd), Walter von der Vogelweide
IV—(March 8th), History of an Apocryphal Letter of Jesus Christ on
the observation of the Sabbath
Lectures I, II and III will be delivered in German
ADMISSION FREE (without Payment of Ticket)
T. GREGORY FOSTER,
Acting Secretary

During the illness of Miss Edna May, her part has been very cleverly played by Miss Ella Snyder. Miss Snyder took our fancy in the part of Mamie Clancy, the Bowery girl, in "The Belle of New York." Her inherent good-humour gets right across the footlights, and predisposes



MISS ELLA SNYDER AS MAMIE CLANCY IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."
Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

the house in her favour at once. But, over and above that, she can dance and act and sing. Miss Snyder is quite young. She will make a "hit" one day, for her representation of Edna May's part showed her range to be a wide one.

In referring to Brigadier-General MacDonald last week, I spoke of the "legend" attaching to his rise to fame. From one who knows him I have received this letter—

Brigadier-General MacDonald is the youngest son of the late Mr. William MacDonald, of Rootfield, Muir of Ord, and brother of the present occupier, who is a J.P. and C.C. for the county of Ross and Cromarty. Born in 1853, he was originally apprenticed to a business in Inverness, but indoor life was distasteful to this "braw laddie," and, having made up his mind to become a soldier, he enlisted in the Gordon Highlanders in 1870. He was not long in going through the various grades of the stripes. In the meantime his regiment was ordered to India, and in 1879 we find him a Colour-Sergeant on active service in the Afghan War, and it was here that he showed the metal of which he is made. In September of that year, General Roberts (now Lord Roberts) and his staff were attacked by a body of Afghans lying in ambush in a difficult defile near Kharatiga. Here was our hero's opportunity. His masterly handling of a company of Gordons and Sikhs practically annihilated the enemy, and won him honourable mention in the General's despatches. On many other occasions he so greatly distinguished himself that by the end of the year he was given a commission and promoted to Lieutenant, the officers, on reaching Cabul, presenting him with a sword. He also took part in the celebrated march from Cabul to Candahar. We next hear of him on active service in the Transvaal in 1881, but his greatest successes have been in the Land of the Pharaohs, where he has been constantly employed for several years, either in fighting or training the prisoners of war and making useful soldiers of such raw material as they presented when captured. He was in command of the 11th Soudanese at the last siege of Suakin and subsequent actions. In the Dongola Expedition of 1896 he commanded the Soudanese Brigade through the whole of the operations, including the Battle of Firket, the capture of Hafir, and the occupation of Dongola. These battles tested the courage he had instilled into what were, a few years since, a set of cowardly niggers. The Sirdar (Lord Kitchener) knowing so well what he had made them capable of, gave him the command of the whole of the infantry of the force in the late war, under Sir Archibald Hunter, who, it will be remembered, captured Abu-Hamed just previously to occupying Berber, of which place General MacDonald was made Commandant. I need hardly dwell upon what he did before Omdurman; eye-witnesses there, representing some of the leading London newspapers, describe him as the Hero of the Day, from the clever tactics he adopted in the disposing of an army of the Dervishes remained hidden away behind the hills until the battle was over, when they endeavoured to catch our troops in the rear and cut them to pieces.

He was risen a rank in consequence of this brilliant service, and made an A.D.C. to the Queen. He was honoured with the C.B. on the occasion of her

Majesty's Jubilee; he also holds the much-coveted D.S.O., and wears the Orders of the Osmanieh and that of the Medjidieh.

I may add that, when the General returns to this country shortly, he will receive a present from the Highland Societies in London, while the Macdonald Society hope to entertain him in Glasgow.

The amount of suicide in Paris is said to be appalling. It is mostly with young people under twenty, and the favourite means is a brazier of charcoal. The priests and the doctors dispute the cause, while the good public, who welcome any subject that relieves them from Dreyfus, lend a willing ear to each new case as it is weighed and classed. The priests contend that suicide is a moral crime, and spend themselves in recriminations against the laical schools, which teach geography apart from the Catechism; the doctors say it is a malady, due perhaps to abnormal folds in the brain. Conclusions are not so easy.

For example, a young man lodges a ball in his head; it is naturally for a woman that this adolescent dies, and everybody agrees that at the bottom of these dramas one finds nearly always the woman, some venal creature who, if she costs much, is worth little; but both theories claim the case. Not long ago, on the other hand, a religious old woman of eighty-eight threw herself out of a fifth-storey window, which disconcerts both theories; and last Thursday a boy of ten hung himself, after explaining to his child companions that he was tired of life. This shows a certain precocity, and is calculated to heat the dispute.

These cases are pale. Paris has been startled by a wholesale suicide. Five young women of the labouring class dined together in a restaurant, and then enclosed themselves in a room which they sealed up hermetically, and sat down round a brazier of charcoal and died. The immediate cause is said to be that these young women despaired of finding husbands. Suicide like this begins to take the form of a devouring ogre, and theories are swept out of the way. The clergy's method of combating the evil is to refuse the subject permission to enter heaven; the doctors must content themselves with post-mortems and with dissertations on the new epidemic. The statistics have not been published.

The date of the opening of the Bayreuth season is now definitely fixed for June 22. "Rheingold" will be the first piece given, but the whole of the "Ring" is to be played. The second Cycle is to begin on

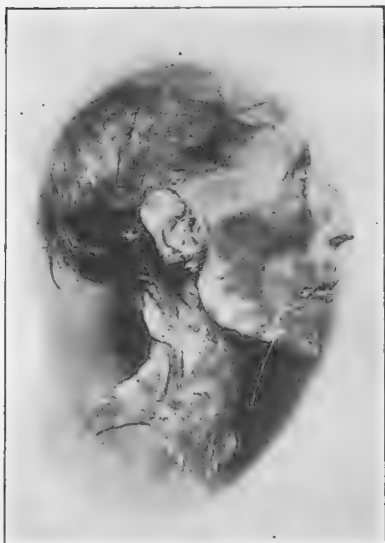


MISS SNYDER "DRESSED UP" AT NARRAGANSETT, IN THE LAST ACT OF
"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

Aug. 14, and will comprise four representations of the "Meistersinger von Nürnberg," and seven of "Parsifal." Madame Mottl, wife of the famous Kapellmeister, is to take the part of Eva, while Rooy will sing Hans Sachs.

The old gentleman whose mummified face is here reproduced may make small claim to be considered beautiful, but he was, in his time, a very important person. He was found quite recently in an Egyptian tomb, and declared by people who knew all about the matter to be none other than *Rameses II.* On this account, his mummy was put into the Great Museum at Cairo, and the highly decorated apartment in which it had stayed so long and comfortably was taken to the British Museum. If the deceased was *Rameses II.*—and really scholars find so many bones of contention round every theory that they make all who are not scholars very careful indeed—he would have been in the days of his life the Pharaoh of the Oppression and father to that rash King Menptah who was drowned in the Red Sea. In addition to oppressing the Jews, *Rameses* made them build his store cities in the district now known as *Wady Tumilat*, where various inscriptions have been deciphered, all tending to establish the *bona fides* of the deceased. Not so very long ago, I found myself in Cairo, and devoted a few minutes to the mummy. What would he have said if he had known that in the days when professors have to go to inscriptions to find out anything about him and his times, the Jews he despised and persecuted would be a power for good throughout a world of which he had never heard? I think he would have felt annoyed.



IS THIS RAMESES II.?

German savants are busy with plans for the excavation of Babylon. It was Layard, the discoverer of Nineveh, who really first did anything in the way of excavating. Then followed Sir Henry Rawlinson, in the footsteps of a French mission. All this, say the Germans, was done in a very half-hearted way, and they are determined that their work shall be thorough. It will be a very costly work, and it is estimated that it cannot be completed in less than five years. It is to be carried out by the Orient Society, jointly with the Directors of the Royal German Museums, and the funds for the commencement of the work will be found by the Orient Society and supplemented by a grant out of the public money voted by the State for such purposes. The leader of the expedition is Dr. Robert Koldewey, who has already had much experience in such work, and Dr. Meisner is also attached to the party. They will start from Beyrout, going from there to Aleppo, whence they will travel by caravan to Bagdad. There the German Consul, a man of wide experience, will give them advice as to the best course to pursue. Babylon itself is two days' journey from Bagdad, and consists of rough hillocks scattered on the banks of the Euphrates, under which lie the ruins of the great city. The excavators will begin with El Kas'r, the fortress, which is the remains of Nebuchadnezzar's palace, and where Alexander died. Beside this, they will also investigate a number of other ruins situated near.

Stoker Lynch has practically succumbed to the dreadful injuries he received when he acted so magnificently on board the torpedo-destroyer *Thrasher* when it went ashore at Dodman Point. He was dreadfully scalded at the time, and for a time his life was despaired of altogether. He got an Albert Medal of the First Class for his self-sacrificing bravery, and went home to his native Youghal a wreck, for his sufferings had induced acute pneumonia. He was buried with full naval honours—a unique recognition, I believe, for he had left the Service.

Lord Archibald Campbell, ever to the fore when the tartan or any other Scottish regimental distinction is threatened, writes to the *Army and Navy Gazette* regarding the drafting of men of the Scots Greys into other Dragoon regiments. He says that the unfortunate Greys

THE HEROIC STOKER LYNCH IS DEAD.
Reproduced by permission of S. Dalby-Smith, Mevagissey.

have, though under their strength, again been called on to furnish a draft. Since March of last year they have furnished drafts for the 5th Dragoon Guards, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 17th Lancers; and now they are "called on to send seventeen men to the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards." By the way, the 4th Dragoon Guards and the Royal Irish Dragoon Guards are one and the same regiment. There is something funny in a Scots Grey becoming in a moment a Royal Irish Dragoon; and another curious point is that the Scots and the Royals are, with the exception of the Household Brigade, our only two regiments of "heavy" cavalry, which are supposed to serve abroad only in time of war, and have been at home ever since the Crimean War, while the Dragoon Guards are "medium" cavalry, and liable to go anywhere at any time.

A good deal of disappointment is being expressed in various quarters at the non-recognition of the services of the rank and file of the British contingent in the Khartoum Expedition. While the officers have, in many cases, been rewarded, the Tommies have received no decoration from the British Government, and a medal from the Khedive, though, of course, appreciated, does not give the satisfaction which one from our own Government would. It is difficult to understand why it is withheld, when one remembers that quite recently medals were issued for the bloodless Red River Expedition of 1870. Perhaps in thirty years' time the authorities will have made up their mind, and the survivors of Atbara and Khartoum will be invited to apply for their medals. From the point of view of economy, there is something to be said for this sort of procedure. Still, when new battalions are being raised, and not without difficulty, it would seem wise to throw false economy to the winds, as medals undoubtedly attract many recruits to the colours.

Saturday marks the jubilee of Alexander Kjelland, the Norwegian novelist, who was born at Stavanger on Feb. 18, 1849. Stavanger is proud of him, for it recently made him Mayor of the town. He comes of a family that has been prosperous in business for a hundred and fifty years. The son of a well-to-do merchant, he did not apply himself much to study, nor does he speak with enthusiasm about his years at the University. Reading Heine suited him better than poring over the dry paragraphs of the law. He left the University in 1871; and, having purchased a brickyard in Malde, near Stavanger, he lived there the simple life of a businessman till 1878, when he went to Paris to see the Exhibition.



ALEXANDER L. KJELLAND.

His biographers do not say anything of interest about him during that period of his married life; they do not tell us how a brick-merchant changed into a charming writer who stands outside the heat and dust of the combat and does not fight like Ibsen. They say only that in Paris he met Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, to whom he showed a few of his short stories, and who, after having read them through, induced him to write more. Encouraged by such an authority, he set to work and wrote "Garman and Worse" and "Skipper Worse," to which Dickens would not have been ashamed to sign his name. These and "Snow" are the best of Kjelland's novels, while "Fortuna" and "Poison," stories of college life, are excellently written. His work bears much similarity to that of Jacobsen, but Kjelland pays far more attention to outer detail. Sometimes he almost approaches the exquisite richness of a poet. Kjelland is less intense than some of his countrymen, but his work is original and individual; then he has balance, poise, the sense of artistic proportion of French writers, and he resembles Daudet by uniting harshness with poetry, pathos with humour, intensity with irony. Like Gabriel d'Annunzio, Kjelland is fond of describing the sea, only he deals with it much more fully—its varying moods, its cruelty, and caprices; his is the sea on which the hardy Vikings were developed—so different from the turquoise-blue waters of Italy.

The Republic of San Marino is beginning to assert itself. Not content with its contributions to philately, it has now decided to assert its sovereign rights of coining money. Some twenty years ago it brought out a certain number of pence and halfpence with the three famous castled peaks on the obverse, and these are still sometimes to be met with in Italy. But they were primarily intended for collectors. Now, however, the Captains-Regent have reflected that it is a profitable operation to issue silver coins, so francs and half-francs have been coined to the value of £1600, while arrangements have been made to follow them up with Sanmarinese five- and two-franc bits. At this rate, the Republic will soon be better off financially than the neighbouring kingdom of Italy, where silver is never seen and greasy ninepenny banknotes are the order of the day.

VALENTINE: VILLANELLE

Whom shall I choose for my Valentine?
Fancy a question such as this
In Eighteen hundred and Ninety-nine!



Pagan Cupid, I seek thy shrine —
Patron saint of the lovers' bliss —
Whom shall I choose for my Valentine?



Sage and Godling, though you combine,
Can you touch the heart of a modern miss
In Eighteen hundred and Ninety-nine?



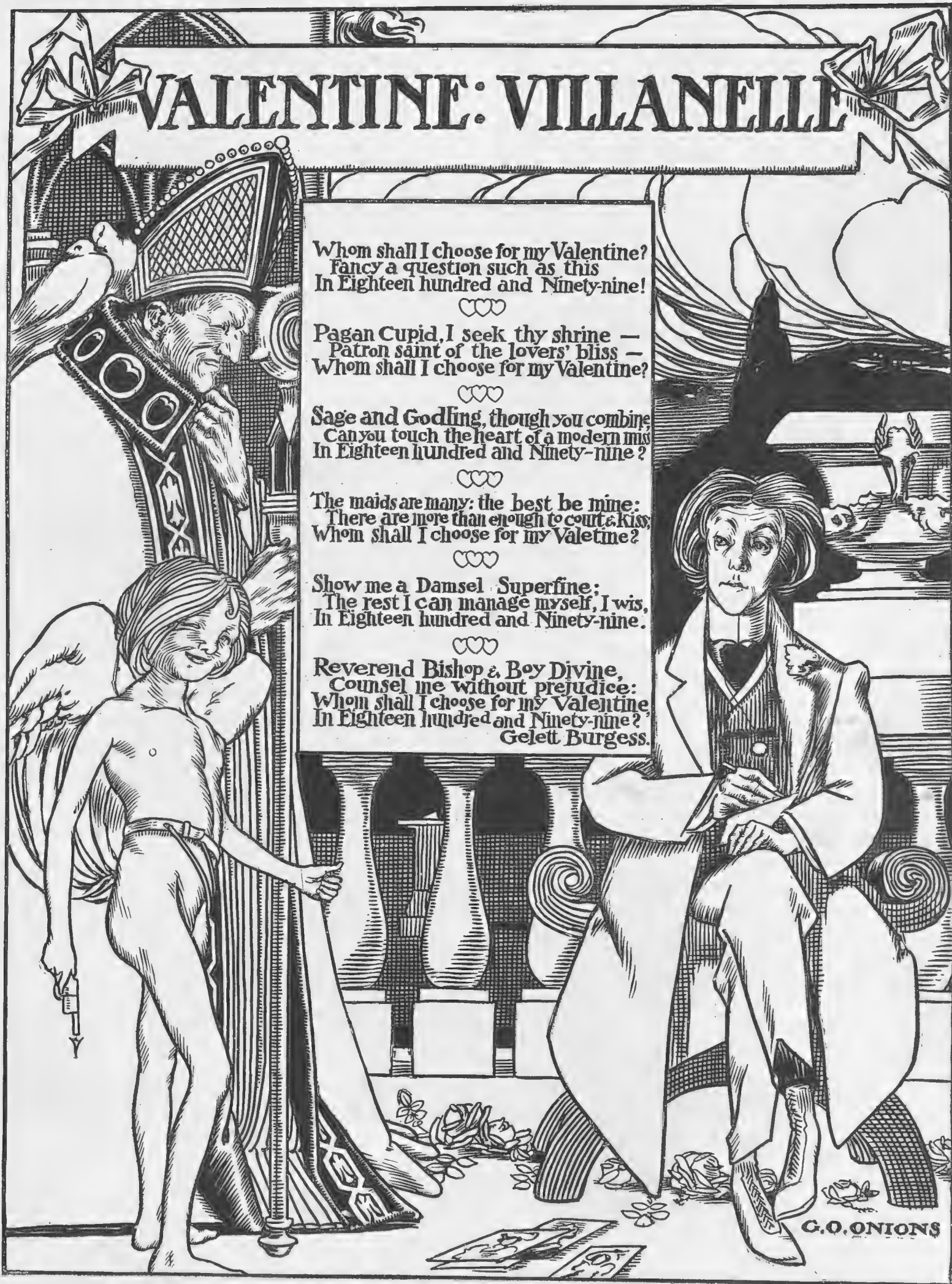
The maids are many: the best be mine:
There are more than enough to court & kiss,
Whom shall I choose for my Valentine?



Show me a Damsel Superfine:
The rest I can manage myself, I wis,
In Eighteen hundred and Ninety-nine.



Reverend Bishop & Boy Divine,
Counsel me without prejudice:
Whom shall I choose for my Valentine,
In Eighteen hundred and Ninety-nine?
Gelett Burgess.



ACROBATS AT HOME.

Not a hundred miles from Westminster Bridge you will espy a natty residence with well-whitened pathway leading from the road. The superscription—in bold lettering—can hardly escape the eye of the most



THE CRAGGS' PRIVATE GYMNASIUM, WHERE ALL THE NEW TRICKS ARE FIRST MASTERED BEFORE BEING PRODUCED AT THE EMPIRE.

casual wanderer, "The Craggs' Private Gymnasium," and once within (should you be lucky enough to be thus favoured), your genial host will make the time pass merrily and—all too swiftly.

It is a house crammed full of treasures gathered from the four corners of the earth; many of the curiosities are the result of a spontaneous expression of esteem from friends and admirers, while others may have been picked up as mementoes of happy associations across the footlights and across the seas, mementoes the touch and sight of which instantly conjure up endless delightful reminiscences.

But we must not linger too long in the handsomely appointed drawing-room, for here it is that treasure hides treasure. Mr. J. W. Cragg has much correspondence, to which he gives his first attention after breakfast; and, in a very comfortable study, you will find him surrounded by all that goes towards the composition of this "temple of peace." Framed photographs of the flower of the profession line the walls with autographs innumerable.

But let us pass on and through to the gymnasium, where we find the "gentlemen acrobats" already at practice, which, as a rule, consists of a daily two hours' rehearsing both old and new tricks. The little grandchildren are doing tumbles or "flip-flaps" of their own sweet will, rolling over and over along a thickly padded mattress. This is the only secret connected with this particular profession, namely, that acrobats begin by being acrobats, and it is only when children take naturally to "tumbling" that there is the slightest chance of a successful career on the acrobatic ladder of fame. A mechanical contrivance known as the "lunge" is the only piece of furniture which is used in training and not in public. A pulley in the roof supports a rope attachment, at one end of which is a strong belt to encircle the waist of the intrepid gymnast. The other end of the rope is held firm with gloved hands, so as to give a counter-hoist should the leap not be a success and the performer be left in a swimming position in mid-air, striking out vainly to reach the floor. In all smart acrobatic feats there is always one artist told off to be on the *qui vive* in case of a miss or accident, and for this reason a bad "cropper" is practically an unknown quantity.

There appears to be no means of copyrighting one's apparel on the boards, and, while the Craggs were the first acrobats to appear in full evening-dress, the costume was quickly cribbed, but with ill-success, for it is not possible to find a much more unyielding attire in which to imitate the Craggs, unless it is the Tyrolean or Alpine costume in which these famous gymnasts figured last year. The "jim" is splendidly appointed—in fact, you see precisely the same "effects" ("or something similar") as those that appear on the Empire stage.

R. H. C.

MR. BUCHANAN'S NEW BOOK.

Whosoever feels the force and the genuine poetry of Mr. Buchanan's latest book, "The New Rome" (Walter Scott), should pay his meed of praise unstintedly. For assuredly the book has had the courage to speak unpopular things, and it will be execrated in some quarters. Part of the abuse it will doubtless receive is deserved, for its numerous faults of taste and temper. There are stanzas, if not whole pieces, which it is no exaggeration to call scurrilous. But, taking it as a whole, and counting moral qualities along with literary ones, no book on the glories of the Empire so generous and so elevated has appeared in these late years of Empire-singing.

Mr. Newbolt has admitted the idea of moral responsibility into his patriotic ballads; but there is much more than that here. There is direct attack on national sins; there is rank abuse of national favourites; there is much that is audacious, imprudent, and unwise. But a genuine love of country breathes through the whole, even an Imperial feeling, all the sincerer and the robuster that it is untainted by commercialism. He will, no doubt, be called a sentimentalist because he sings a "Song of the Slain," and a weak-kneed, impracticable person because he gives the dreamer his due among the founders of Empire—

"A man in a world of men, and strong as a man becometh,
Thou art indeed, but thy strength was drawn from the Dreamer of Dreams!
Wert thou no more than a man, the Fox and the Ape were thy peers,
We dream'd thou wast more than a man, when we led thee, thy Pioneers!"

"We are men in a world of men, not gods," the Strong Man cried;
"Then woe to thy race and thee," the Dreamer of Dreams replied;
"The Tiger can fight and feed, the Serpent can hear and see,
The Ape can increase his kind, the Beaver can build, like thee.
Have I led thee on to find then of all things last and least,
A Man who is only a Man, and therefore less than a beast?"

"Ah, woe indeed to the Dream that guided thee all these years!
And woe to the Dreamers of Dreams who ran as thy Pioneers!"

Mr. Buchanan sings an Imperialism quite out of tune with the spirit of to-day. But his old-fashioned idealism may be in vogue the day after to-morrow, and surely his courage should win admiration at any date. Even the young Tories he laughs at savagely—in a ballad that has had much to provoke it, but which is perhaps regrettable—will perhaps, in spite of their scorn and anger, envy the spirit and the fire of the man, though he preaches the meekest humanitarianism, and girds at them in what they will feel to be a blasphemous fashion—

"There's not a spirit now here in Heaven who wouldn't at twenty-one
Have tried to upset the very Throne, and reform both Sire and Son!"

It is not a very even-tempered poet who sings in "The New Rome," but it is a poet of extraordinary vitality and bravery, and one who has thrown away none of his young ideals. He presents to us no tired, elderly cynic's face—

I end as I began,
I think as first I thought.

With that Mr. Buchanan brings his book to a close.

O. O.



THE CRAGG FAMILY IN THEIR PRIVATE GYMNASIUM DURING A BRIEF PAUSE IN THEIR PRACTICE.

From Photographs by R. H. Cocks, Abinadon-on-Thames.

MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS MILADI IN "THE MUSKETEERS."

Mrs. Brown-Potter's many admirers among the public, as well as the critical few who have been steadfast in their belief in her ability as an actress since the days of her first London appearances, will be glad to know that she is to remain with us for a prolonged period. Her fascinating impersonation of Miladi in "The Musketeers" is the acting

fitful appearances have not told in her favour. But she has been working hard all these years, and gaining invaluable experience in an art to which she is devoted. Her success as Miladi has been secured after continuous, earnest striving, and in the face of an attractive personality which has been at once an advantage and a detriment. For, while it has



[Photo by Madame Lallie Garci-Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.]

MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS MILADI IN "THE MUSKETEERS," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, WITH THE FLEUR-DE-LYS ON HER SHOULDER WHICH SHOWED THAT SHE WAS A CRIMINAL.

success of the gorgeous production at Her Majesty's, and, in view of the immense popularity which she has thus attained, her engagement for the leading female character in the new play by Mr. H. A. Jones, which in the course of time will follow Mr. Grundy's adaptation at Mr. Beerbohm Tree's playhouse, is a wise move. Londoners have not yet seen Mrs. Potter at her best. She has been away too often and too long for a public which is singularly conservative in matters theatrical, and her

helped to bring her into prominence, it has at times obscured her real merit as an actress. However, she now possesses the public favour in no uncertain measure, and, as encouragement is the very breath of the artistic life, she will do herself full justice in the future. But there must be no more flitting yet awhile to America, or Africa, or Australia, or any of the other countries which have hitherto claimed so much of Mrs. Potter's attention; for she has made her mark in London.

THE CHINESE PASSPORT SYSTEM.

The Heathen-Chinee is peculiar. You see it notably in his system of passports and Custom duties. Transit passes are divided into two classes, namely, inward and outward. An inward pass covers goods imported in a foreign vessel from the Treaty Port at which they are landed, and at which the pass is issued, to their destination, clearing them of all taxation *en route*. The charge for it is half the treaty tariff import duty (supposed to be five per cent. *ad valorem*), paid to the Imperial Maritime Customs, who have



PART OF A CHINESE OUTWARD TRANSIT PASS.

charge at Treaty Ports of all foreign-built or foreign-owned vessels and their cargoes, and who issue passes to all alike, foreigners and Chinese. It will be noticed that I state above "clearing them of all taxation *en route*." Undoubtedly the original meaning and intention of the transit pass was for it to cover goods from all further taxation whatever; but, unfortunately, a decision of the British Government, based on an honourable but mistaken conception of the nature of the country—or rather, Government—with which they were dealing, nullified this concession to a great extent by affirming that the transit pass freed goods from taxation only *en route*, adding that, if similar goods not under transit pass were free at destination, so should transit-pass covered goods be, but not otherwise—an arrangement excellent in theory, but which the Chinese officials in practice soon made use of for their own ends, as will be seen later on.

The outward pass, a representation of which is given, is a similar document to an inward one. It is used to bring goods intended for export to a foreign country down from the interior to the port of shipment, and clears goods of all taxation *en route*. To obtain these, a foreigner applies to his Consul at the port, who in his turn applies to the Chinese officials, who supply the document in question to the Consul through the Imperial Maritime Customs. The Consul then hands the pass to the merchant, who sends it up-country and brings his produce down. On arrival at the first lekin barrier or station, the pass is presented, the goods are weighed, and their nature and weight entered in triplicate, namely, in the three divisions into which the pass is divided; one portion is retained to accompany the goods on their journey, one portion is sent to the Imperial Maritime Customs at the port the goods are destined for, and the other is retained by the first lekin barrier. Like inward passes, the charge made for outward ones is half the treaty tariff duty, and it is calculated on the weights as entered in the pass by the first barrier. This half-duty has to be paid whether the goods arrive at the port or not—that is, even if they are lost *en route* by accident, it has to be paid. In some ports the merchant is under a heavy bond to export goods so brought down; in others he is not.

Chinese can get outward transit passes by applying to the Imperial Maritime Customs; but, as a rule, they prefer not to do so, partly on account of certain restrictions—such as the bond referred to above—in their case, not always applicable to the foreigner, but chiefly on account of the manner in which their own officials disregard a pass that bears a Chinese merchant's name. The merchants find it cheaper and easier to get a foreigner to assume nominal ownership of the goods, and thus secure for them Consular intervention in the event of lekin interference *en route*. In fact, there is no such thing in China as a foreign merchant either taking or sending goods into the interior, or bringing them down from the interior for shipment abroad. The goods, when leaving the Treaty Port in the one case, and until arrival at the Treaty Port in the other, are Chinese-owned; the foreign name which appears on the pass being merely lent to cover the goods in each case.

It is well that this fact should become known and recognised, as a misconception of what is actually the case is largely the cause of the mistakes that have been made when making regulations for the opening of the "inland waters" of China—mistakes which yet remain to be remedied!

"Lekin" is the term generally used by foreigners to cover the whole of the taxation to which goods are subject in China. In this general classification they are, however, mistaken, "t'soli," or destination tax,

and native Custom-house dues being wrongly included under it. Without, however, going into fine distinctions, it will suffice to say that lekin is a tax or taxes which can be arbitrarily imposed and collected when, where, and how the provincial officials think fit. The manner in which these taxes are raised and lowered, the shifting of the collecting stations from place to place as trade is forced or diverted from one route to another, are a constant source of loss to both trader and Government; so much so that to the European it is a marvel that any business at all can be carried on under such conditions. To the Chinese, who regard it as the normal state of things, this constant changing of routes and raising and lowering of tariffs gives an interest in their business which appeals to the most strongly marked and—in a race so frugal and industrious—extraordinary feature in their character, namely, their love of gambling.

When the decision of the British Government as to transit passes clearing goods of taxation only *en route* became known, the wily Chinese mandarin quickly saw the advantage it gave him. He simply declared that all goods on arrival at their destination were liable to a tax, and either gave a rebate to those people who had paid lekin *en route*, or, as a better way of doing it and making it more difficult for an inquiring foreigner to get proof of differential treatment, he allowed one hundred bales of, say, cotton to pass as fifty. On those people who take a transit pass for their goods, and, as the mandarin thinks, attempt to defraud him of his just dues, the tax is enforced in full. An attempt on the part of one of our Consuls to ascertain from the Chinese officials where lekin and t'soli stations existed throughout the province was met by the reply, "Everywhere!" This vexatious and illegal taxation of goods is a constant source of irritation to our Consular officials, but, without the support of the Government, they are powerless to remedy matters. There was at first a general belief that in the opening of "inland waters," obtained by the present British Minister, Sir Claude MacDonald, these malpractices would, to a large extent, be put a stop to, and, although in a very limited degree, it might be claimed that this belief is justified, inasmuch as the Chinese are now to be compelled to state where their lekin stations exist, and how much is payable at each or all their waterways; yet the vital point, as far as the import of foreign goods is concerned, which is the right of the Chinese to tax them when separated from their covering transit pass, remains as before. There then remains the increased facilities of transport for the goods which this opening of waters is supposed to give for us to fall back upon, unless we are to regard the whole concession as a nominal one only. To the bulk of people at home I fancy the words used in Lord (then the Honourable) Curzon's statement when referring to the subject—namely, "that British goods will be carried in British ships to every riverside town in China"—conveyed the idea that they would be carried directly so. Perhaps, if he had not been interrupted by the applause of his hearers, he might have added, *after going to other places first*—or, in other words, that, after they have been taken to a Treaty Port, been landed there, examined, paid import duty, &c., they are free to find their way to every riverside town carried in British ships (not being the same vessels that the goods were imported by) running from those Treaty Ports. Which is equivalent to permission being given to import French goods into Sheerness, provided you first bring them to Richmond, and then send them back in another steamer (not even in the same steamer, mind) to Sheerness!

TO MILADI.

Villon, our Prince of Devil-dare,
With what a wondrous sleight of hand
You make the villain debonair
And captivate our native land!
Your France still drills the brilliant band
Of knaves who spurn the Law's decree,
And Englishmen to-day demand
Miladi of the Fleur-de-Lys.

They pass me, bubbles light as air,
These traitors of the shifting sand.
There's Pew, and Silver, and Macaire,
They're brave and bad, and bold and bland
And least of all can I withstand
The dame to whom we bend the knee,
Who slandered, slew, and evil planned—
Miladi of the Fleur-de-Lys.

Of all the fickle False-but-Fair
That rule Romance from strand to strand,
I like you best (despite your snare)
Who plotted, plundered, and trepanned.
The very world itself is spanned
By woman's wit and wile; and we
Are governed by your wicked wand,
Miladi of the Fleur-de-Lys.

THE MORAL.

Miladi, fair, though scarred and tanned,
The moral writers all agree
That every sin inflicts a brand
Scarce fainter than your Fleur-de-Lys. J. M. B.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS MILADI IN "THE MUSKETEERS," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN'S NEW BOOK.*

Eighteen years have passed since Sir George Trevelyan gave us his brilliant "Early History of Charles James Fox." Its reception made the author aware with what keenness the whetted appetite of his readers awaited the sequel. But that sequel has not taken the form expected, because Sir George Trevelyan tells us that, in shaping it, he felt how insuperable is the difficulty of writing "a political biography as distinguished from a political history." And this applies markedly to Fox, because the story of his career from 1774, when he dismissed himself from Lord North's Administration on the Boston Port Bill and joined the Rockingham Whigs, until 1782, the year before the recognition of the independence of the United States, "is inextricably woven with the story of the American Revolution." But if we therefore have less of Fox and more of the Revolution than we looked for, we have a narrative which, in its momentous and stirring interest, and in the glowing, often epigrammatic, and always pure and easy English in which it is written, enchains the attention and charms the ear. The first

chapter recapitulates incidents in the first period of Fox's political life, and hence the ground covered in the "Early History" is somewhat retrdden. But we are speedily brought to the threshold of the great matter of the book, and, before entering into the details of the fatuous policy which flung away the Crown's richest heritage, we are arrested by an illuminative survey of deeper-lying causes of estrangement hidden by superficial factors of provocation. Those causes, as Sir George Trevelyan shows, existed in the different temper of the conflicting parties, a temper produced by long-operating antecedents and unlike surroundings; a temper which, it seems probable, would, sooner or later, have brought about separation. "On the one hand was a Commonwealth containing no class to which a man was bound to look up, and none on which he was tempted to look down; where there was no source of dignity except labour, and no luxury, but a plenty which was shared by all. On the other hand was a ruling caste, each member of which, unless by some rare good fortune, was taught by precept and example, from his school-days onwards, that the greatest good was to live for show and pleasure, that the whole duty of senatorial man was to draw as much salary as could be got in return for as little work as might be given for it, and that, socially and politically, the many were not to be reckoned as standing on a level with the few." Speaking broadly, we have the conflict of the Cavalier and Roundhead

temperaments, between which there was no basal sympathy, but a divergence involving irreconcilable points of view. They were not, however, all saints in New England, nor all sinners in the Old, and when we leave the booths of Vanity Fair, where aristocrats bartered their remnants of honour for place and plunder, where political profligates were jostled by sycophantic worldling Bishops hurrying to kiss the hand of the royal concubines (these of the earlier Georges) to whom they owed their shovel-hats and aprons, we pass into wholesome air breathed by a pure-living, sober-minded, industrious middle-class, and we enter homes of piety whose influence saved a corrupt Church from herself. From both sides of the Atlantic Sir George Trevelyan gathers materials for portraying exquisite miniatures of human excellence, matching the Adamsses, Franklin, Putnam, and others of colonial renown, with Lord Dartmouth—the philanthropic and pious Shaftesbury of his time—the strong-souled John Newton, and the gentle, sad-souled Cowper. And if among the London rakes there were some for whom, in Sir George Trevelyan's vivid words, "the sweetest hours of the twenty-four began when the rattle of the coaches up St. James's Street told that the House of Commons was no longer sitting, and ended when they were helped into their beds by daylight," there were others who loved the country and cared not "to haunt London when the thorns were red and white, and the syringas fragrant, or when the hounds were

running over the Yorkshire pastures, and the woodcocks were gathering in the Norfolk spinneys."

But even between the better elements on either side of the deep sea there were misconceptions, and everything was borne to a disastrous issue. To the ignorance and obsequiousness of the so-called "advisers" of that obstinate, meddlesome mediocrity, George III., there were added, as fuel to flame, the misleading reports and fatal counsels of Colonial Governors, some of whom were steeped in duplicity. These creatures of the Crown affected to lend kindly ear to the colonists' petitions of grievances, while at the same time they advised the home authorities to reject the prayer, Governor Bernard "calling on the Bedfords for troops as often and as importunately as ever the Bedfords had called for trumps when a great stake was on the card-table." Thus, the worst was believed of the colonists; prudence in handling them was thrown to the winds; spite, born of petty desire for revenge against imagined insults, carried the day. Not that the fault was all on one side, nor the right all on the other; for some of the colonists had made up their minds to have, by means fair or foul, absolute independence, and were

responsible for acts of violence which irritated and estranged not a few Englishmen outside the House of Commons. So that materials of combustion existed in plenty, and it only remained for folly to apply the torch. The jubilation of the colonists over the repeal of the Stamp Act should have taught the Government what backbone of loyalty was theirs to rely upon, but those rejoicings had barely died away before senseless obstinacy, clinging to fragile "rights," imposed a tax of three-pence on every pound of tea imported by the colonists from the Mother Country—a tax estimated to yield a paltry three hundred pounds sterling per annum. This measure awoke a resistance to which the elements lent their aid. For, while a Bostonian mob "gratified the curiosity of an energetic patriot who expressed a wish to see whether tea could be made with salt-water," the ships destined for other ports could not land their fragrant but unpopular cargo through the gales that swept the coast. Against the visionary three hundred per annum, there was, moreover, to be set the actual loss to Great Britain of at least five thousand times as much by the colonial boycotting of her produce. Friction grew sharper, with resulting heat. King George, who "had Boston on the brain," filled the rebellious city with his troops, and, in the end, gave assent to the policy which he had inspired in a Bill for closing Boston Harbour and transferring the Custom House to Salem. At this point we are barely half-way through the volume, the remainder

of which is chiefly occupied with events prefacing the opening of the campaign following on the blockade of Boston. The skirmish at Lexington in April 1775 preceded by a month the appointment of Washington to the supreme command, and by a couple of months the Battle of Bunker's Hill. In March 1776 the British troops evacuated Boston, and on the fourth of the July following the delegates in Congress declared "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States."

Seven more years were to elapse before the stubborn Sovereign whose equestrian statue on the bowling-green at New York had been thrown from its pedestal and melted into bullets yielded to the inevitable, and recognised that America was lost to Britain. Sir George Trevelyan's fascinating instalment will, like its predecessor, make us hungry for the speedy appearance of the concluding parts, in which, let us hope, some fuller space may be accorded to personal memorials of Fox.

EDWARD CLODD.



SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gutch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

* "The American Revolution." Part I., 1766-76. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. London: Longmans and Co.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS MILADI IN "THE MUSKETEERS," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.



[Photo by the Maison Braun, Clément, et Cie.]

PERICLES AND ASPASIA'S VISIT TO THE STUDIO OF PHIDIAS WHEN HE WAS MODELLING THE MINERVA FOR THE PARTHENON, ATHENS.

PAINTED BY HECTOR LE ROUX, AND NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE CONTINENTAL GALLERY, NEW BOND STREET, W.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Mr. J. S. Eland's pastel, "The Shepherdess," reproduced this week from the Pastel Society's Exhibition, is a work of charming imaginativeness. He has based his idea on Lowell's fine lines, in which the "pale shepherdess" of the sea leads her "foam-fleeced flocks" to their trysting-place.



The drooping seaweed hears, in night abyssed,
Far and more far the waves' receding shocks,
Nor doubt's, for all the darkness and the mist,
That the pale shepherdess will keep her tryst,
And shoreward lead again her foam-fleeced flocks.—J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE SHEPHERDESS.—J. S. ELAND.

Now on View at the Pastel Society's Exhibition.

The art of the poster has often been discussed in this place, and its rise, progress, and development in England have been marked with interest and appreciation. I have often mentioned the name of Mr. Dudley Hardy as one who has been in the very front throughout the spread of that movement. It is, therefore, with profound disappointment that I have just seen his well-known signature upon a flaming poster, of quite the bad old sort, of the melodrama "How London Lives," which has been played at one of the principal suburban theatres. The crouching child, the avenging woman, and the lady outstretched upon the floor—this should not be Mr. Dudley Hardy's stock-in-trade. Even his line and sense of composition cannot redeem the general effect from a peculiar vulgarity. I do not, however, know the exact date of the work.

Music and pictorial art do not usually come together as subjects for simultaneous discussion, but the concerts given week by week by Mr. Alfred Schulz-Curtius at Prince's Galleries unite them for just two lines of gossip. To attend those concerts regularly is to repeat the experience of the fortunate man in the Arabian tale, who, desiring at any moment a new surrounding, saw the landscape fade and disappear while the new scene slowly came to being before his eyes. So an amateur listens to his Bach one

evening surrounded by the oils of the rising British generation; another evening, as he hears a Mozart quintet, an array of pastels will take the place of the oils; and again on another evening, to the strains of Dvorák, a new vision, perhaps of water-colours, slowly comes to being. For it is odds that you will never notice any change upon the walls until you begin to dream with the music. It is a fascinating experience.

Artists are not usually supposed to be hard workers, unless, perhaps, during those intermittent periods of spasmodic and feverish energy which sometimes visit geniuses, and which testify to their lack of equilibrium. Yet, by a curious paradox, in Dublin—that most easy-going of big cities—there are certainly two painters of high merit who are nearly always hard at work—Miss Sarah Purser and Mr. Walter Osborne. Both are residents of Dublin and Irish by birth, and it was my privilege to visit their studios a few weeks ago. Miss Purser, a woman of many gifts and strong individuality, specialises in portraits, and, what is more, she "portrays" her subjects, bringing out upon the canvas a characteristic and natural likeness. Just now her principal sitter is the Dean of St. Patrick's. This portrait I saw in process of completion, also one of W. B. Yeats, and another of Mrs. Eva Gore-Booth in a like condition. I noticed also in the studio charming oval pastels of Miss Maud Gonne and Miss Eva Gore-Booth. Miss Purser showed me a large portrait of the beautiful Miss Maud Gonne; her portrait of Michael Davitt, formerly exhibited in the New Gallery; a graceful and picturesque painting of Miss Jane Barlow's mother, done from a daguerreotype; and an excellent likeness of the novelist herself. Miss Purser has done innumerable official portraits of Irish public men—most of them from the life—including nearly all the Presidents of the Irish Academy. Although Miss Purser spends most of her time in portrait-painting, she is singularly successful in decorative work, her style strongly recalling that of Puvis de Chavannes. She has done some decorative panels, depicting scenes from the life of St. Patrick, for the Kyrle Society, which are placed in Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital, Dublin. Her peasant sketches and studies of little blue-eyed Irish children are also admirable.

Mr. Walter Osborne, who is a son of Mr. William Osborne, a noted painter of animals, is hard at work on a huge canvas bearing a full-length portrait of Lord Ashbourne, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. This portrait will, no doubt, shortly be shown in London, where Mr. Osborne's work is well known. Every year, during the Season, Mr. Osborne comes to London for two or three months, and generally rents a studio during his stay. Of his former successes, picture-lovers may remember the vivid portrait of Mr. Walter Armstrong, Director of the Irish National Gallery. Mr. Osborne graduated at the Dublin School of Art, and he spent two years at Antwerp, under Verlat. Among his student-colleagues in Belgium were Fred Hall and Frank Bramley.

The Walsall Art Gallery has just acquired by gift from Mr. Thomas Gameson, of that town, a fine example of the work of the late Charles Jones, R.C.E. The pictures painted by this well-known animal-painter are truly useful and worthy examples to be placed before the eye of the student, and are eminently fitted to be hung in our permanent galleries. The title of the present picture is "A Hard Chase," and depicts an incident where a ram has broken away from the flock and is pursued by a collie-dog. In colour it is very fine, and the texture of the woolly fleece and the wiry hair of the dog are full of quality, while the drawing and knowledge displayed in the modelling and delineation of the objects are quite in Charles Jones's masterful style.



A HARD CHASE.—CHARLES JONES.



MISS ETHEL SYDNEY AS ANGELIQUE, THE HEROINE OF "MILORD SIR SMITH,"

AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The collision between the Filipinos and their liberators has taken place, as generally expected. No one will be surprised at the fight, and only the Aguinaldos and Agoncillos at the result. The battle round Manila was as certain in result as that before Omdurman. The Filipinos were a trifle better armed than the Dervishes, though some of them, it is said, had merely bows and arrows; their courage was probably less. The proportion of slaughter on the two sides is that usual when civilised troops meet uncivilised armies—thousands to hundreds. One is sorry for the half-baked dusky Republicans who have rushed into disaster, but the fight was bound to come. The natives obviously regarded the Americans as a slightly superior order of Spaniards, to smash up the old tyranny and then withdraw gracefully. Aguinaldo and his merry men had penned the Spaniards in the city, and could almost have rushed the intrenchments. It was perfectly natural that they should regard themselves as invincible heroes, and expect to serve their inconvenient allies as they had served the Spaniards. They know better now.

"Half devil and half child," Mr. Rudyard Kipling's description, is not flattering, though he is fonder of children and less hostile to the devil than most authors. Possibly "half devil and all child" would be more scientifically accurate; but it would savour of cheap epigram, for the occasional cruelty, the savagery of the Filipinos, is as childish as their large ignorance, their boasting, and bumptiousness. They are like boys who have barred out or beaten an inefficient and cruel schoolmaster; the new master has come, and they have tried to repeat the mutiny, with what result we see. To talk of independence and liberty for those who have not learned the alphabet of civilisation is absurd. The natives of the Philippines are less fit for self-government than many of the races of India, than most of the populations of South America. If they were left to their own resources, some powerful State—Germany, France, Japan—would not be slow in swooping down.

So, grumblingly but steadfastly, the United States are taking up the Imperial mission of the governing races. Their citizens are finding out that the instinct of business is also the instinct of ruling. He who hates

possessor, out of sheer disgust with his bad methods, and then steps into his place, not from greed or ambition, but from the natural feeling that here is a hard job to do, and he is the fit person to do it.

It will take him some time to learn the best ways; but learn them he will, and probably quicker than his less versatile cousin. There will



MISS ETHEL SYDNEY IN "MILORD SIR SMITH," AT THE COMEDY.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

be loss of life and treasure, waste of effort, blunders, and possibly disasters; but, some day, the Philippines and Cuba will be the decent and orderly tropical estates that Nature intended them to be. And the mere fact of the possession—or protection—of colonies will mean a great deal to the United States. It will supply a regular outlet to the adventurous and warlike spirits of its population, now that the West is ceasing to be wild and woolly to the due extent. It will teach the nation the realities of life and government, and enable its members to lay hold on facts and drop theories. It is not without reason that Bryan, the apostle of the dishonest and windy Silver scheme, is also the strenuous opposer of expansion and colonial rule. A Robespierre may mangle his country on philosophical principles, drunk with the rhetoric of Rousseau; a Napoleon who constructs and conquers wants facts and not theories.

For the idea, shared by many of the best American citizens, that their State was something entirely different from the old monarchies, has been proved historically false. The colonists applied civilised methods to an unexhausted territory. They had the conveniences of the modern world and the spacious freedom of the savage. But now their territory is filling up fast; they have a number of the Old World problems still with them, with a few peculiar to themselves; and on the whole they are realising that, in essentials, their political situation is very like that of some other States in the past and present. They have had the largest civil war of history; they have begun, though late, to imitate the England of over a century ago. Like the elder Pitt, they have swept Spain from her islands east and west, though they are not likely to imitate the folly of Bute, who gave the colonies back.

It is in vain that Mr. Carnegie, preacher of peace and roller of armour-plates, lifts up his voice and offers to put down his money to prevent annexation and colonial expansion. Peace is very well when it is really peaceful. But even a nation intent on foreign conquest is nobler than a nation wholly given up to commercial and financial competition. An army or a fleet may not be an embodiment of the highest ideals, but it is a fitter idol than a trust. It is, no doubt, foolish for many women and some men to go wild over the heroes of the brief and easy Spanish War; but there is comfort in thinking that, at any rate, the soldiers and sailors are not rich men—like Mr. Carnegie.

MARMITON.



MISS ETHEL SYDNEY IN "MILORD SIR SMITH," AT THE COMEDY.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

to see mismanagement and waste, and the missing of opportunities in commerce and industry, will feel the same way in matters political. Here are fertile and lovely countries made poor by anarchy and tyranny, and races of men unfit to govern; the American ousts the former

"THE LUCKY STAR," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

From a Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS RUTH VINCENT AS THE PRINCESS LAOULA.

Her father, King Mataquin, wants her to marry King Ouf the First (Mr. Passmore), but, after many adventures, she elopes with Lazuli (Miss Emmie Owen), a travelling painter.

"THE LUCKY STAR," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



King Ouf plots with Siroco, his astrologer (Mr. Paxton), and Kedas, the Chief of Police (Mr. Manning).



Aloes (Miss Isabel Jay) and Laoula come upon the travelling painter.



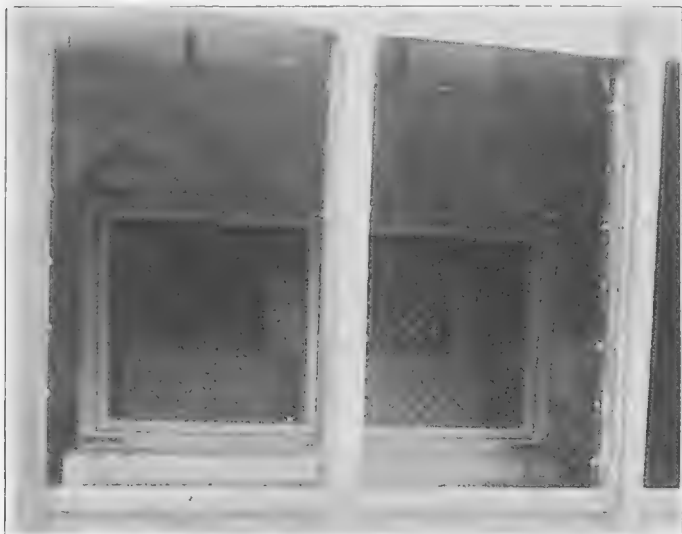
The Baron Tabasco (Mr. H. A. Lytton), Ambassador-Extraordinary to King Mataquin, objects to his daughter Aloes' affection for his secretary (Mr. Evett).



King Ouf and his astrologer preserve the life of Lazuli, whose death involves the King's decease.

AT THE TOMBS OF HAFIZ AND SADI.

Persia has not many shrines where the literary man can do homage. There is no new fiction or new humour in Persia, and no circulating libraries distribute the latest novel. No literary gossip in the evening papers tells us this writer finds inspiration in buttered crumpets, and



THE TOMB OF SADI.

that writer always seeks his plots in the Old Testament. Indeed, the Persians are very old-fashioned in their notions. Omar Kháyyám is the greatest Persian poet to the English mind, but the greatest poets to the Persian mind are Hafiz, the singer of wine, women, and music, and Sadi, the philosophic coiner of epigrams. And both of them lived and died hundreds of years ago.

At Shiraz, the Garden of Persia, where roses bloom the year round, where the myrtle flourishes and there are cool walks in the orange-groves, where nature is one long song, and the nightingales thrill the evening air with melody, I paid a visit to the tombs of Iran's famous sons. It was but an afternoon's stroll to see both graves. That of Hafiz lies close to the town, in the centre of a shaded cemetery; that of Sadi farther out, sheltering in the shadow of a pleasant hill.

There had been a burial that morning, and a crowd of women, swathed in dark-blue garments, with long strips of veil to hide their features, squatted round the half-filled sepulchre, swaying their bodies and moaning, while a sour-visaged mollah droned extracts from the Koran. Tall, thick-matted pine-trees spread black shadows over rows of rickety tombstones, a gentle breeze stirred the tops of the cypresses, and in the centre of the graveyard, encircled by a rude iron railing, was the block of yellow Yezd marble covering the remains of Hafiz. An old, sun-dried man, wearing an enormous turban, leaned against an adjoining tomb. There was a well-thumbed, brass-edged copy of Hafiz' poems on his knee. The sun blazed down with scorching rays; but he sang and sang, never lifting his glance, just as though he were enamoured, enraptured, with the verse. Two younger men, Seyids, sat not far off, swinging their shoulders as they read. In a ray-bathed recess sprawled other priests in white, refreshing gowns. Now and then a leaf broke from an orange-plant and fluttered into the tank of water that keeps the air cool. There was a shaded arch, decorated with soft tints of blue. Looking between the alabaster pillars, a picture was revealed—a piece of the city of Shiraz, with the dome of a mosque showing over the cluster of dull-clad trees, the red hills beyond crested with snow, and the rich blue of a tropical sky above. There was a great silence, accentuated, it seemed to me, by the low monotone of the reciting priest.

Hafiz lived five hundred years ago. He was a true Shirazee, pleasure-loving, emotional, a mystic. Nothing is known of him save through his poems, and these the Shiraz men and women consult as an oracle. If about to take a journey or embark on any undertaking, they are guided by the wisdom of Hafiz.

I desired to know my fate. Interrupting the old man, I asked would he allow me to consult the oracle. He answered no word, but he closed the book, laid it with the edges pointing upwards, prayed over it, and kissed it. Then I pressed my forefinger between the leaves and muttered—

Ei Hafizi Shirazi,
Men talibi zek falun;
Ber men nazr endazi,
Tu Kashifi ber razi

("O Hafiz of Shiraz, cast one look upon me; of thee I wish to learn my future fate, for thou art the

discoverer of all secrets"). Hafiz was opened, and my future was read. And here is a free translation of the Persian—

O heart, I give you good news of the coming of a healer
From whose sweet breath the scent of happiness rises.
Cry not nor lament nor grieve at pain,
For last night the fates said a helper will come.
When that holy dove at my door flies in,
My old age will be like my youth.
By the tears that fell in a torrent like rain,
The brightness of fortune, which has gone, will return.

I wandered off across the stony plain to where high walls enclose the remains of Sadi. There is a ramshackle little village close by, and lounging about were ragged rascals basking in the sun. In the neglected garden, but so deliciously cool and shady after the hot walk, was a bower of cypress-trees, orange-blossoms, and rose-bushes. No one was about but myself, and I plucked a bunch of roses for remembrance.

And it was here, in this peaceful spot, that Persia's great philosopher was sleeping. In the long hundred years of his life he had wandered the ancient world as a Dervish; he fell into the hands of the Crusaders in Palestine; fourteen times did he make a pilgrimage to Mecca, and when in India he accepted the Vishnu doctrines. In Oriental hyperbole, he found happiness in "perforating with the diamond of his soul the precious stones of his experience, and, after gathering them on a string of eloquence, hanging them for a talisman around the neck of posterity." The last thirty years of his life he spent in his native city of Shiraz, where he wrote his "Gulistan," or "Rose Garden."

Entering a building at the upper end of the garden, I found a wrinkle-faced old fellow dozing by the side of an extinct charcoal fire. The tomb of Sadi was in an adjoining room, and the freshly awakened caretaker bustled about to open the shutters. It was a miserable, dusty apartment, in great need of a broom and whitewash. In the centre was the grave, guarded by a shaky iron screen, which had once upon a time been decorated with blue and gold. I remarked that the slab was in comparatively modern characters. The old man said that was so. Many years ago the roof had fallen and shattered the original slab. Asking what had become of the old slab, I was led into a dark, windowless mud cell, and there, half-buried in dirt, lay the ruins of the tablet. With a brush some of the accumulated filth was swept away, and I was able to see the inscription. With gold I tried beguiling the man into selling me a bit of the stone. He wanted to, but was afraid of his fate if it were known he had sold so precious a relic to an infidel. So I came away without.

As I strolled back towards Shiraz in the rich eventide, I met a crowd of Shiraz youths with volumes under their arms going to read their beloved Hafiz by his grave. I thought, how beautiful was the practice!

JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

FROM PLATO.

Star of my life, when on the stars that strew the spangled night
Thou gazest, and a million eyes look love to eyes as bright,
I would that I were heaven's high dome with countless orbs to see,
So I might gaze upon thy face, and thou gaze back on me.

TRANSLATED BY RICHARD M. GRAVES.



THE GRAVE OF HAFIZ.

BLOW BLOW THOU WINTER WIND
THOU ART NOT SO UNKIND
AS MAN'S INGRATITUDE:



ERNEST SIMPHE
99

THE HOME OF THE GORDONS.

Upon the 2nd day of September, Lady Henrietta Stuart, Marchioness of Huntly, departed this life in France, and was buried in her mother's grave at Lyons: a virtuous, reverend lady, born in France and married in Scotland, where she bore her honourable bairn-time, and in her widowhood and old age, by cruelty of the Kirk, for her religion is forced to flee her country and go into France, where she died, as said is.

In this fashion, that quaint chronicler, John Spalding (by the way, why doesn't some enterprising publisher reprint him?), under anno 1642, tells a tale of the troublous times in Scotland. Yet, while the picturesque ruins of Huntly Castle stand, Henrietta Stuart's name cannot pass into oblivion, for there you can read it, with that of her gallant husband, in lettering which seemingly defies the elements, bordering, like scroll-work, the handsome if now dilapidated French-windows of the grand old ruin.

In the very year that these two were wedded the galleons of Spain had come to grief. At Huntly Castle great was the interest, doubtless, in the event, for the Marquis was the foremost Roman Catholic nobleman of his time, and, if the Armada were successful, what might he not become? But this dream passed away, and he did not long brood over it. We find him busy restoring, in reality rebuilding, his Castle of Huntly.

The restoration was carried out on a magnificent scale, for to this present time it would be hard to point to ruins equalling those on the banks of the Deveron. The chimney-piece, however, in one of the grand halls remains in wonderful preservation. The armorial shields and monograms are elaborate and of



THE RUINS OF HUNTLY CASTLE.

fine workmanship. One of the legends upon it is still readable (that running along betwixt the overmantel and the fireplace proper), and is to the following effect—

To Thae That Love God, Al
Things Virks To The Best: and Sen
God Doth Us Defend, Ve Sall Prevail
Unto The End.

The panel over the door is interesting, as showing the rank and importance of the family. It is said to be one of the finest extant. It bears evidence of the vicissitudes of the castle, for two of the interseptions are defaced, probably by some of the Presbyterian soldiers who raided Strathbogie.

The story of the decay of the fine old place is melancholy reading, and is best unsaid. The ruins are now in kindly keeping, and will remain a memorial of the interesting past. The present noble proprietor is the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, whose vast estates are a kingdom in themselves. The direct Gordon line came to an end in the person of the fifth Duke, who died in 1836. It was he for whom his mother, the daring Jane Maxwell, raised the Gordon Highlanders more than a century ago. One of his five beautiful sisters married (in 1789) Charles Lennox, who became Duke of Richmond in 1806. It was at the Duchess's ball at Brussels that our officers

were dancing before they marched to Waterloo. The present Duke is the grandson of the lady, and was granted the Dukedom of Gordon in 1876, though the title by rights should have gone to the Marquis of Huntly, who is a thorough Gordon.



A FIREPLACE IN HUNTLY CASTLE.



ENTRANCE TO HUNTLY CASTLE.



MISS MABEL HARDING AS LADY GWENNETH FAIRFAX IN "FOR THE KING'S SAKE."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A PAINTER'S STORY.

BY BLANCHE KENDELL.

We were a party of five—Davidson, Munro, Garth, and myself, and Jones. Jones was the odd number. What happened was all his fault, as you will see, and we have since cursed the day he was asked to join us.

It was one evening, in Davidson's studio, that Davidson started the idea. We four were smoking our pipes and discussing life in a pleasant abstract fashion. We were at the time hard-working young fellows striving to make a name for ourselves, and just then we were in luck. That year our pictures had been hung in the Academy, and at a fairly visible height! Davidson had just sold his "Brittany Peasants Ploughing" to a rich American, and had got favourably noticed in the newspapers. He had gone to Brittany the summer before to paint the picture, and the charm of travel lingered still.

"What do you say, boys, to our taking a well-earned holiday? The land where the citron blooms—*vide* old Goethe—beckons to me from afar."

Davidson blew a long whiff from out of his clay pipe, and waited for the effect of his suggestion. It was an alluring one to us, who had never been further from our native shores than once to Paris for a brief, delicious week some years previously. Unanimously we chorused assent.

"Well, then, this is what I propose," Davidson was our acknowledged boss; was he not the only one of us who could boast a rising reputation? "We'll start the day after to-morrow for Genoa, *viâ* Paris and Turin; then we'll walk from Genoa to Ventimiglia along the famous Corniche, and fill our sketch-books. From Ventimiglia we'll train it to Paris, and be back here within three weeks of the day we started. Agreed?"

Again we emitted our chorus of assent. "Well, then, the thing is settled, and let's drink to a jolly trip." Davidson raised his glass, and we followed suit. At that moment the door of the studio opened, and Jones entered. He did so in his usual shuffling, hesitating way. Jones seemed eternally apologising to an unappreciative world for his intrusion in it.

Davidson had come across the poor devil copying casts in the British Museum, one day, three years previously, and had begun talking to him out of sheer kindness, the pinched face and threadbare clothes telling their tale of struggle and privation. Since then, Davidson had helped him to get orders for copies, which Jones executed fairly well. By dint of constant plodding he managed to keep his head above water, that was all. He very rarely put in an appearance at our studios, as he was desperately afraid of us all except Davidson, whom he worshipped as a god. To-night he struck us as paler and thinner than ever.

"Hullo, old chap, is that you? Bring your chair, and get someone to fill your glass." Davidson scanned the meagre figure compassionately. "Well, you look about ready for the undertaker! What on earth have you been doing with yourself?"

Jones smiled his deprecatory smile. "I have been working rather hard lately and am a little out of sorts; but don't let's talk of myself, Mr. Davidson. I came to congratulate you about your picture. Is it going to America?"

"I suppose so; but, look here, Jones, you have just turned up at the right moment—we are all going to Italy the day after to-morrow, and you shall come with us."

Jones's pale face flushed crimson; he was speechless.

"I'll pay expenses," Davidson continued; "and all you have to do is to enjoy yourself and get fat; if you don't, I will chuck you altogether."

And then Jones stammered out incoherent thanks; so the thing was settled, and five days later we had arrived at Genoa.

A shining expanse of water of an intense blue deepening into purple shadows, against a background of soft-outlined, olive-clad hills dotted with white houses and quaint grey villages; behind these, again, fantastic-shaped peaks rearing their bare sides into the sunny blue overhead—everywhere a wealth of vegetation, a feast of beauty, a sight to gladden any man's heart!

Since daybreak we had been walking along the dazzling white road, for the last three hours or more under a hot sun, when Davidson ordered a halt under the shade of a little wayside thicket of olives and myrtle. Our destination that day was N—, a village twenty miles from Genoa. So far, our trip had proved a perfect success, the enjoyment far beyond our imagination. Jones was to spoil it all!

He lay stretched face-downwards on the stubby grass, while we others sat and smoked our pipes in the silence of perfect content. After a bit, Davidson pulled out his watch. "Well, boys, we ought to be moving on if we wish to get to N— before sunset."

One by one we rose, stretching our rather stiff limbs, only Jones remained lying as if he had not heard. Davidson gave him a friendly kick. "Wake up, old chap!" Still Jones remained motionless. I knelt down and turned him over, face uppermost. He was ghastly pale and his eyes fixed.

"By all the powers of a nether world," exclaimed Davidson, "what's this?"

"It looks uncommonly like a case of sunstroke," said Garth. His brother was a doctor, so he felt the most competent to give an opinion.

"But what are we to do with him?" I put in. Yes, what were we to do with him, lying by the roadside miles from anywhere? It would be futile to attempt to get him to N—; we must put him under shelter as soon as possible.

We looked about us, and I espied, a few yards above us, a small grey cottage clinging to the hillside. We decided to carry him up there and claim the charitable hospitality of the inmates. Between us we half-led, half-carried him up the stony mule-path; he had begun muttering to himself like an idiot. Clearly there was no time to be lost.

Outside the cottage a middle-aged, pleasant-featured peasant woman was peeling lemon-rind into a coarse white sheet, and the air was full of the scent of the fruit. At sight of us she uttered a cry of "Jesu, Maria!" and, dropping her lemons, came quickly towards us, wiping her hands on her apron. In our Anglo-French we tried to explain ourselves. Italian we could not speak, beyond a word or two of no use in such a predicament. She seemed to understand us, though, for she led us straightway into a dark kitchen and through it to a room beyond, where stood a clean white bed; on this she signed to us to deposit Jones. Then she ran and fetched water in an earthenware pot, and began to bathe his head. She took no further notice of us, so, feeling we were in the way, we adjourned outside to deliberate on the situation.

It was finally decided that Munro and Garth were to go on to N—, and wait for us there, Davidson and myself remaining behind with Jones. We hoped by the next day he would be fit enough to proceed, but when evening came Jones seemed still bent on upsetting our calculations, for, although quite conscious, he was hardly able to speak to us, and complained of violent headache and giddiness. Marianna (for so she had given us to understand she was called) gave him a glass of some fragrant opaque-looking water to drink, and presently he fell asleep. Davidson and I went outside; our quarters for the night, a small, stuffy hay-loft, were not alluring.

It was a bright moonlight night, and the olive groves were bathed in a wonderful sheeny mist. High up on the hillside the moonlight struck the white walls of an old Italian villa, clearly defining its picturesque outline. From it there must be a glorious view over the sea. I proposed to Davidson before turning in that we should climb up there. It was a steep ascent, and the shadows cast by the olive-trees made the path quite dark; then, of a sudden, we stepped out on to a wide, grassy platform, and the villa lay right in front of us; an old stone gateway, surmounted by a roughly carved coronet and coat of arms, gave access to the garden. We entered through broken iron gates, and found ourselves in a long trellised walk. Above our heads the roses twined and clambered, and hung down in crimson-and-yellow-blossomed trails that swept the ground. There were roses everywhere, great, straggling, fragrant bushes of them, their infinite variety of colour neutralised by the pale magic of the moonlight which held the place. It might have been the enchanted garden of Omar Khayyâm. In the long frescoed façade of the villa the shutters were closed, the plaster had peeled off the walls in places, and the damp had made green tracks under the windows. It looked as if the house had stood untenanted for ages. We went up a crumbling flight of stone steps on to the stone terrace which looked over the sea, and there we stood, silently drinking in the intoxicating loveliness of the scene, forgetful of all else. The sound of a flapping shutter startled us back to reality. By a common impulse we turned and looked up at the house. At one of the windows the shutters had been half pushed back, but there was no light save that of the moon. We watched and waited, and presently on the dark background of the narrow aperture a face appeared. It was a girl's face. I do not know how to describe its indefinable charm otherwise than as it struck me then. It was the incarnation of the rose-tinted, voluptuous spring.

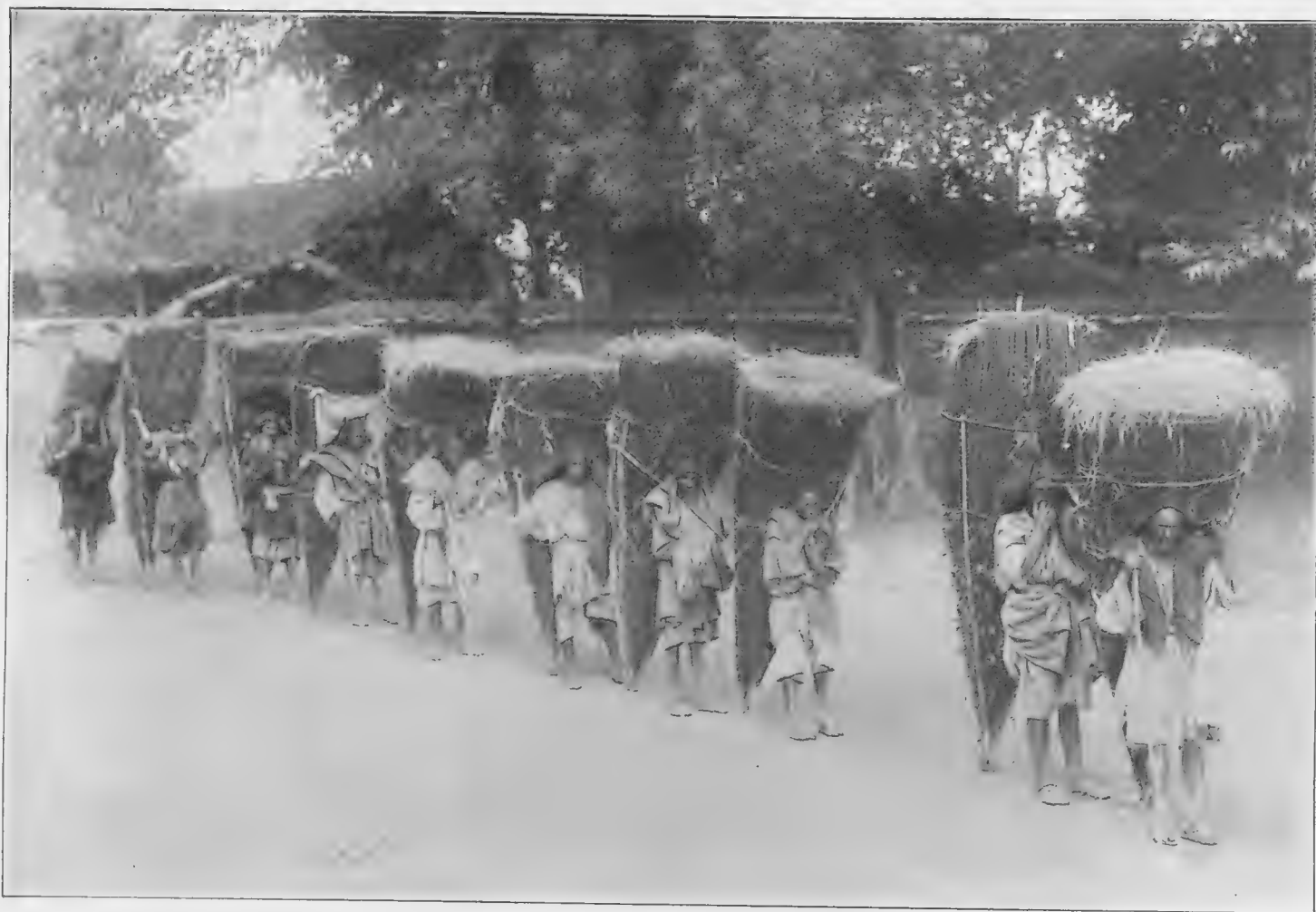
Davidson caught hold of my arm. I looked at him. He was staring straight up at the window with an expression I had never seen before. I saw the girl look out over the garden to the sea beyond, then her eyes slowly fell to our level and rested full on Davidson. The next moment the shutter had closed; she was gone. Davidson drew a deep breath, and his hand dropped from my arm.

"Come, let us go," he said, and his voice sounded strange to me. "After all, it seems, we had no business to intrude in here." He began walking rapidly in the direction of the gateway, I following him.

"Who would have thought the place was inhabited?" I remarked. "But, I say, Davidson, what a lovely face that was! I should very much like to know the owner of it."

To this Davidson made no answer; perhaps he had not heard. Yet, somehow, I felt shut up. During our walk back he remained preoccupied and monosyllabic. What was the matter with him? By the light of the moon we groped our way to the loft, and, tired out, I soon fell asleep.

The next day Jones seemed rather better, but his attempt at getting up resulted in his prompt collapse on to the tiled floor. Clearly he was not yet in a state to be moved. We gleaned from Marianna, however, that she considered him fairly convalescent, and that to-morrow he would be well. Meanwhile, she had thoroughly undertaken the duties of sick nurse; apparently she lived alone, without any kith or kin to share her



PICTURESQUE INDIA: COOLIES CARRYING CHARCOAL TO SHINAGAR.



PICTURESQUE INDIA: LOOKING THROUGH THE THIRD BRIDGE, SHINAGAR.

tiny home. But her family history was and has ever remained a mystery to me. The day dragged slowly. I was longing to be off and join the others, for my own sake, but especially for Davidson's. I did not like his look at all; was he, too, sickening for some illness? We roamed about the olive-terraces and did some sketches; but, somehow or other, conversation flagged between us. That evening I sat by Jones, talking to him; Marianna had disappeared, and Davidson had gone to smoke outside. After a while, Jones growing drowsy, I tucked him up for the night and went to seek Davidson. He was not outside the house, nor could I see him anywhere about; I called him once or twice by name, but got no answer. Where could he be? I sat down on the little stone parapet in front of the cottage and lit my pipe. Presently out of the shadow of the olives Marianna appeared and sat down beside me. I would have given worlds to have been able to talk to her and question her about the villa up yonder. It was as if she divined my thoughts, for, looking up, she pointed at it, then began talking very fast, trying to tell me something; but, alas! the only words recognisable to me were "Marchese," "Genova," and "Inglese," which threw small light on her subject. At last, in sheer exasperation at my own stupidity, I rose and said I would go and look for Davidson. I wandered about along the olive-terraces, stumbling over gnarled roots and loose stones, and all the while something bade me go and seek him in that garden of roses up yonder. I looked at my watch; it was eleven o'clock. Should I scramble up that vile path in the dark, or wait for him down here? While I hesitated, I heard my name called with a suddenness that startled me; it was Davidson's voice, and through the trees I could just discern the outline of his figure. I felt quite light-hearted, and knew that I had been afraid for him. Why, I could not have said if my life had depended on it.

"Hullo, where have you been to? I have been looking for you for ever so long! Jones is sleeping like an infant. I am glad to think we shall be out of this beastly hole to-morrow." Davidson was quite close to me by this time; in the uncertain light his face looked flushed and odd, I thought.

"We shall be out of this beastly hole to-morrow," he repeated slowly. "That means you and Jones; I am going to stop on here and paint."

I was nonplussed for the moment; then a light broke in on me. "Davidson, you have seen her again!" I looked at him sharply, waiting for the lie I now felt sure he would tell me; and it came, quite coolly spoken—

"What rot you talk! I tell you, I like the place, and mean to stop on a bit; that is all. I shall catch you fellows up in Paris." I couldn't answer him. After turning in, I lay for a long while with my face to the wall, thinking over things, and the more I thought the less I understood.

The next day I started with the now convalescent Jones to join the others. It was with an altogether heavy heart I bade good-bye to Davidson, slipped a gold coin into Marianna's brown palm, and tried to impress on her that I left my friend in her particular care.

Davidson promised to drop me a line to the "Poste Restante, Ventimiglia," and during the following days I looked forward to the receipt of his letter with an unreasoning anxiety. Munro and Garth were as vexed as I was at Davidson's sudden defalcation; we felt the trip was spoiled, and all through that beastly Jones. The first thing I did on arriving at Ventimiglia was to rush off to the Post Office, but there was no letter for me. I waited for three whole days longer, then I made up my mind I would go back to him. Garth and Munro laughed at me. I had not told them about the rose-garden and the face at the window. I felt that this was Davidson's secret, and that it would be disloyal to him to discuss it. I saw Munro, Garth, and Jones off by the Paris train, Jones looking still limp and seedy; but I didn't pity him one bit. I had grown to hate him.

My train left a few minutes later, and I took my seat with a feeling of relief; that evening I should see Davidson, and satisfy myself that my fears were groundless. Fretting with impatience as I was, the journey, with its constant stoppages, seemed endless. As the sun was sinking into the sea we reached N—. After some delay, I succeeded in getting a conveyance to take me to my destination. It was a high "shay," drawn by a caricature of a horse, and off we rattled at a three-legged gallop along the familiar dusty white road. It was nearly dark by the time we arrived at the turning leading to Marianna's cottage. After haggling with the driver over a preposterous fare, I scrambled up the well-known path, followed by his vociferous maledictions. The little terrace in front of the cottage was empty, the house-door was shut. I knocked loudly, calling Marianna, but no one answered. She must be away, but would doubtless soon return. Where was Davidson? I began to halloo, and the hillside re-echoed my voice; then all was still again. It was quite dark now—the Southern twilight is so rapid—and in the pale, clear sky a star shone out here and there. Quite naturally, I began climbing the path leading to the rose-garden. It seemed interminable, but at last I stood on the platform outside the great gates. Now, as then, I entered along the trellised walk where the roses hung down from over my head, but now their petals were full-blown and perishing, and the ground was carpeted with their fallen beauty. I went up on to the terrace where I had stood with Davidson, and yonder lay the sea mapped out all in silver under the stars. I looked up at the house; it wore the same deserted, uninhabited look as then. I half-expected to hear the click of the shutter and see that lovely face appear again at the window. Something rooted me to the spot. I don't know how long I stood there waiting, when from the thicket of roses at the bottom of the flight of steps there came a faint

rustle. In an instant I was there, turning aside the long, sharp-thorned branches which clung to my hands and clothes, while the rose-petals fell in a soft golden shower around me. What was that dark thing lying in the heart of the rose-bushes? My own gave a leap, then stood still with a sickening certainty as to what I had found. Nor was I mistaken. It was Davidson, lying there with a rigid white face upturned—lying in the little crimson pool that had trickled from the gash in his throat. I seized his hands; they were quite stiff and cold. He must have been dead some time. What followed was the usual thing. I returned to the cottage, and found it still deserted. Marianna did not return that night, nor have I ever seen her again; she had vanished for good. I walked back to N—, to do the only thing I could do: wire to the English Consul at Genoa the facts of the case. The same day he arrived, accompanied by the local gendarmes, and all the horrors of an Italian inquest began. The whole affair was wrapped in an impenetrable mystery. The villa was one of several belonging to the Marchese Vitali. The Vitalis were a well-known and highly respected Genoese family. The present Marquis was abroad in America. For the last twenty years no one had lived at the villa, of which the family notary kept the key in his office in Genoa. There is no country where the police are so completely baffled as in Italy, whether from their own incompetency or from the astuteness of others it is difficult to say. Poor Davidson lies buried in the little English Cemetery at Genoa, in the land that beckoned him from afar, to use his own words spoken in fun, and destined to fulfilment in such a terrible manner.

We have completely lost sight of Jones, and I am glad, as I could not have tolerated the man who was the primary cause of all that happened.

Some years later I was in Paris, and exploring a narrow street behind the Rue de Temple. I had stopped before a dingy little shop to examine some rather good prints that had attracted my notice in the window, which was full of miscellaneous objects, strewn pell-mell. Suddenly my eye fell on a small, prettily carved frame surrounding the pastel sketch of a girl's head.

Where had I seen that face before? Then I remembered. The same instant I was inside the shop, facing a pointed-featured old Jew who was standing behind the counter.

"Show me that pastel, please," I asked. My throat was so dry I could hardly speak.

The old beggar shuffled to the window, and returned, dusting the picture carefully. "Yes, Monsieur had a good eye; it was a little gem that—such a pretty face!"

Where had he got it from? Oh, it was over a year ago that he had bought it with a lot of other things. Whom had he bought it from? The old Jew looked hard at me out of his deep eyes. I suppose some of the intense excitement I felt was legible on my face.

The man he had bought it from was an Italian who had come one day with things to sell. What sort of a man? "Oh, well; he might have been a servant, but he might not. Monsieur knows it is hard to describe a person whom you see but for a fleeting moment." I took the picture and looked at it carefully. I knew the style so well; it did not need the tiny initials "R. D." in the corner to tell me whose hand had drawn it. I paid the old Jew the price he asked for it and left the shop. I knew all further inquiry would be useless.

It hangs now on the wall of my studio, beneath a sketch of Davidson's. In my leisure moments I often sit looking at it. Out of the lovely face the great, liquid eyes meet mine, and they seem to be telling me something that I cannot understand. Could those fresh, red lips, were they able to speak, tell me, I wonder, the why and wherefore of my poor friend's death?

THE HEART OF A CHILD.

Why was I given a child's wild heart?
I am tired of acting a woman's part. . . .
And the world seems sordid and dull and coarse.
It was different in the days of play,
When the soul was brave, and the heart was gay,
And one rode away to fairyland on a painted rocking-horse.

My friend, you will never understand
How I dream of those rides to fairyland!
Of those long, sweet rides in the fire-lit room. . . .
When one started off with a leap and bound
On one's steed so quaintly caparisoned,
To the silvery sound of little bells that twinkled in the gloom. . .

My friend, you are fair and strong and true,
With your sun-gold hair and your eyes so blue;
But why have you stolen my heart to-day?
For it is such a strange and wayward thing. . . .
(And birds that are caged will not always sing).
And a child's heart, what should it know of love? . . . it
only cares for play. OLIVE CUSTANCE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"The Adventurers" (Harper) is not the finest story Mr. Marriott Watson has written, but it stands a hard and a rather peculiar test. I doubt if at any moment it creates an illusion. You feel him on every page pulling his puppets to more and more agility; before you have read a chapter or two you feel certain it is all "make-up," elaborate "make-up," that the inventor is inventing in a hand-to-mouth fashion, that he will be in a press of difficulty the next minute, and that he will extricate himself somehow in a hairbreadth manner. Yet, whether it be from admiration of the invention or some other reason harder to explain, you cannot leave off; you never think of throwing the book down as merely artificial—though it is nothing else. You read to the end with enjoyment, and with occasional exhilaration. With regard to the date of the tale, he has made an innovation, which will, doubtless, be followed and imitated eagerly; for the material and the traditions and conventions of the adventure story have been worn so thin by hard use of late that no novelty can be allowed to be patented. It is a story of treasure-trove; the scene is England—the borders of Wales—and the time is the present day. There is a band of Greek cut-throats, and there are villains from whom is hidden none of the villainy of the Levant or the ruffianly ports of South America. But the real adventurers, those we are supposed to side with, are clad in the latest pattern of tweed and tail-coats, and talk the newest of English dialects. Yet they defend a mediæval castle, make use of the old moat and portecullis, and scorn the police. To this amusing and spirited medley of impossibilities Mr. Marriott Watson has devoted very careful workmanship. By his graceful and vivacious style he has almost pulled the thing up to the level of literature; yet there is not the strong and conscious literary taste, or taint, which may have kept some eager boyish readers cold when they dipped into his former stories of adventure.

The poles apart from Mr. Watson's tale one finds, among the abler of recent novels, Mr. Allen Monkhouse's "A Deliverance" (Lane). There are adventures of the soul there, but the other incidents are somewhat tame. The subject-matter is depressing, yet the spirit of the book is not, and unless one takes it up for mere light recreation, it will be found both curious and interesting. Briefly, it is the tale of a strong woman, a healthy, firm-willed, high-minded woman, who strives to keep her dying lover up to his best level, which is a rather lofty one. She determines that his last days shall be worthy of him, and to that end she devotes herself in the most self-sacrificing way. To do her justice, she never preaches to him, and she has a cheerful presence. But it becomes too much for him in his weakness. He wants to be let alone, to come down from his best level, to groan, to whine, to tremble, to be afraid of death, to toss and weep at the dark prospect. He loves the woman, much better than he loves another one who has no high ideals; but in the end he calls for the woman of lower mind and no particular will at all, because she will allow him the privileges of weakness. The strange and painful struggle is powerfully described. The earlier part of the story is like a hundred others of the day, but the psychology of the tragic portion is good, and, for all the gloomy atmosphere of death that hangs round, there is nothing morbid about Mr. Monkhouse's treatment of the subject—a subject, too, which was well worth treating.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MADAME LALLIE GARET-CHARLES.

"New Wine, New Bottles," by Battie Hawkins (Digby, Long, and Co.), is a three-act problem-play written out into 331 pages of story. It sets out to give us two ill-matched couples, to show us what influences and circumstances parted them, and, in the last chapter, to bring the man from one and the woman from another to their predestined inevitable union. Taking the characters as they are presented to us, it is an unsatisfactory ending. The heroine, Lady Betty, is a ten-years-behind-time little Agnostic, who has "bit off more than she can chew" of theology and social philosophy. Of course, she writes marvellous books that, like faith, are to move mountains of prejudice. This is the modest claim she makes for her work: "Every word that I write is a thought, a motive. I think out utterly all that I give to the public, but I do not give to the public all that I think, because the time is not yet ripe; however, before I die, I do most certainly intend and hope to do so." It is a matter for anxiety that this lady is still alive and at large when the story ends. Her elective affinity is one Robert Devril, an artist, who is successively poor and ill and racked with love he may not utter, but always a

stilted, unamiable prig. When the wife who has left him because of his poverty surprises him in his hotel and seeks to charm him back to her side, he rejects the temptress, but not without compliment. He says, "The perfection of your beauty has increased." A command of this easy, natural, conversational English does not forsake him at any place in the story. His wife, who by bigamy has become the Duchess of Kimber-shire, obliges later on by suicide after she has murdered a priest.

The episode of Father Rood should not have been written. The effect it produces is of unqualified disgust, and it is not relevant to the story. A layman might have held the secret and provoked her in another way to kill him. For the rest, there is a sturdy, fervid little English curate, who married Lady Betty and died to make way for Devril. He is the only wholesome being in the quartette.

Though this is a modern story, nearly everybody in it is liable to break out into amazing Wardour Street English. The Duchess in particular "wots" of things. The curate calls on a poor parish-ioner to remonstrate with her because she would not have her baby baptised. The good woman "drew out a chair from the wall, dusted it over with one of the baby's garments, and said, with a smile, 'Kindly take a seat, sir.'" The curate, whose name is Billy, replies, "I wish, Mrs. Gittings, that you would not move because of me. I could have reached a chair myself. And I don't believe you are taking care of yourself. You don't look half as strong as you ought to look by this time." The author adds, "Billy had a rare charm of manner with the poor." The book suffers from being overlaid with irrelevant trivialities. It opens with some good writing that is not maintained after the first few pages. The wine is too new altogether, and the less said about the bottles the better. o. o.

Two distinguished statisticians, M. Jules Roche and M. de Blioch, the latter a Russian, have recently been engaged in estimating what the several European nations would have to spend in the event of a great war breaking out. Working quite independently, they have arrived at almost the same results. In the case of France, the daily current expenditure would be rather more than £1,000,000.

"GRIERSON'S WAY," AT THE HAYMARKET.

"Grierson's Way" was Quixotic and unwise: conceivably, though he did not know it, a touch of personal vanity blinded him, and made him think that happiness might come from his way, which, in fact, merely came in the way of happiness. He offered to marry Pamela Ball when



MR. TITHERADGE, WHO PLAYS THE PART OF GRIERSON.

Photo by H. J. Walter Barnett.

"Beauty" Murray had deserted her, unwillingly, and left the girl with certainty of shameful motherhood. Pamela was aware that Jim Grierson, the fifty-year-old writer, knew her story: she accepted his offer, and, full of gratitude, resolved to try to make him happy—strangely happy, since their relation was to be, in fact, that of father and daughter, though he loved her eagerly. Alas, poor Jim and poor Pamela! Pity may "melt the mind to love": gratitude, I fear, tends to engender aversion. The marriage startled Philip Keen, the maimed musician, who, after a short reign as great violinist, was swept from his throne by a drowsy signalman, who caused an accident in which Phil lost his right hand. For Phil loved Pamela fiercely and without hope. The marriage did not altogether grieve him, for the idea of a

Platonic union with Jim hit his jealous heart less cruelly than that of a love-life with Murray, the passionate lover of the trio to whom the girl was enslaved.

Two years went by, irksome years not rendered happy by the birth of Pamela's babe—rendered, indeed, agonising when people traced resemblance in Murray's child to Jim, the illegitimate step-father! Murray came back from India a widower, and anxious to claim Pamela as his wife, and Jim found himself "a great black shadow" which had "blundered into a love-story"—an evil genius instead of good fairy—found himself "standing between Pamela and the sunshine." He might perhaps have blinded himself but for Phil. Jealousy saw more clearly than love. The fallen King of Music, though drink and despair were driving him mad, perceived that Pamela had never ceased to love Murray or grown to endure Grierson, and he guessed that, though she would strive to be loyal, love and nature in the end must win the day. The thought was unendurable. How was he to save poor Jim from open shame, Pamela from sin, and himself from the agony of jealousy? The thought of Pamela and Murray together preyed on him as did the vulture on Prometheus. At last the idea came: persuade Jim to kill himself in order to set Pamela free, let Pamela know the motive of the suicide, and Grierson dead would have the power denied to Grierson living. Jim for a while resisted the temptings of Phil, but misery and sleeplessness aided the idea of self-sacrifice to overcome the fear of sin in self-murder; so at last he gave way. In the first sentiment of horror and remorse Pamela sent Murray away; for the moment she was Jim's wife. Was Keen's calculation sound or mere madness? Did the real union with Jim last longer than the first? I doubt.

What are we to say of "Grierson's Way," Mr. H. V. Esmond's tragedy presented by the New Century Theatre Society at the Haymarket Theatre? Some were shocked by it—needlessly; all were thrilled by some scenes. For the young author has handled his theme boldly, unsparingly, yet with restraint; at times he reaches a very high pitch of power. Fortunately, he has been so clever as to give a pleasant note of humour in the part of Sea-Captain Ball, Pamela's father, of which that admirable comedian, Mr. J. H. Barnes, took full advantage. It may not be quite a great play, it is possible to point out serious flaws; but there is greatness in it, and some admirable touches of pathos and nature are to be found that go far to justify the high opinion maintained by some critics as to the author's quality. Miss Lena Ashwell's Pamela was powerful and imaginative, if at times a little spasmodic. She was at her best, perhaps, in the third act, where Murray had come in and then left hurriedly on hearing her husband's footsteps. She had scouted her lover, but the mere presence of her husband turned the whole tide of her feeling—

GRIERSON. Who's that went out?

PAMELA. My love! my life! my husband!

GRIERSON. Pamela!

PAMELA (*recoiling from him and snatching up her child*). My husband, my husband! Who dares deny it? Don't come near me—you!

In the part of Jim, Mr. Titheradge had a very heavy task, which he accomplished admirably, though not with complete success. Mr. Esmond, as Phil, acted picturesquely and with strong sense of character. Altogether, the New Century Theatre Society may well be congratulated upon its new production.

E. F. S.

CONCERNING "GRIERSON."

Although Mr. Titheradge is an Englishman—he was born at Portsmouth on Dec. 9, 1848—he earned his fame in Australia, where he is better known at present as an actor than in London. But it is to be hoped that Mr. Titheradge, now that he has renewed his acquaintance with the English stage, will be induced to stay here. For actors of his ability are rapidly becoming scarce. Mere cleverness abounds, but the actor who can hold the stage by his reserve, his quiet power, his persuasive manner, is little in evidence just now. Mr. Titheradge is one of those few actors to whom the old and much-abused compliment as expressed in the term "reserved power" may be rightly applied. He obtains his effects with apparent ease, well understanding that it is not necessary to "tear a passion to tatters" in order to be impressive. It may be that this underlying strength is part of his own temperament, but it has been cultivated by observation, by a remarkable experience of the stage—where he has been continually at work since his first appearance, in October 1866, at Portsmouth—and fortunate circumstances. In the provinces, in India—where he played one hundred parts in ten weeks—in London, in America, and in Australia he has enjoyed constant practice and success. Like a true artist, he has profited by the former, and has not allowed himself to be spoiled by the latter.

His connection with Australia is a brilliant chapter in his career. He rapidly became a firm favourite there, and he maintained his position by sheer good acting. His name will always be associated there with Wilfred Denver in "The Silver King," Jim the Penman, the Dean in "Dandy Dick," and Captain Swift, not to mention the chief parts which he originated in Australia in the successful pieces of Messrs. Pinero, Jones, and Grundy, and others. Like all properly trained actors, he is versatile, and I have frequently seen him play, at brief intervals and with thorough success, such diversified characters as Partridge, in "Sophia," and Boris Ipanoff, in "Fédora." He is the recognised representative in Australia of the characters first played here by Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Kendal—a convincing proof of a wide range and of the sound qualities of an actor of exceptional ability. A performance which especially delighted me was his Sir George Carlyon in Mr. Grundy's splendid condensation of Scribe's "Une Chaine," "In Honour Bound"; and, if the little play could only be put on the London boards again, with Mr. Titheradge in the cast, the younger generation of playgoers would have a treat of the



MR. H. V. ESMOND IN HIS STUDY AT 21, WHITEHEAD'S GROVE, CADOGAN TERRACE.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

kind to which they are not accustomed, for distinction is not a remarkable feature of the stage of to-day. It is a quality which Mr. Titheradge possesses, and it tells in acting just as in everything else. Much as this actor is admired in Australia, I hope that he will remain in London, where there is a public ready to praise his art.

AUSTIN BRERETON.

MADAME CAVALLAZZI BIDS GOOD-BYE TO THE EMPIRE.

When the ballet of "Alaska" is withdrawn, Madame Cavallazzi will retire from the Empire Theatre. At first sight this statement has no more than a personal interest, in which the Empire Directorate, the playgoing public, and the artist are alone concerned; a little reflection



MADAME CAVALLAZZI IN "MONTE CRISTO," AT THE EMPIRE.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

shows that Madame Cavallazzi's retirement must have a serious effect upon all future Empire ballets. She steps from a position held for many years with credit to herself and advantage to the house; there is no performer at present before the public who can take her place. From the day when she discarded the attire of the *première danseuse*, in which she had triumphed throughout the Old World and the New, and essayed the rôle of principal mime in the ballet of "Antony and Cleopatra," Madame Cavallazzi has done work that must be considered in all respects remarkable, while in ballets like "Orfeo" and "Monte Cristo," that gave full scope to her talent, she has established a record that will not be broken readily.

To give ballet an intelligent interest is, at the best of times, a hard task. The master or mistress of the ballet, the designer of costumes, and the painter of scenery do not attempt any intellectual appeal; they seek to charm the eye. From the *première danseuse* you get at times the most delightful movement; the long rows of dancing-girls who give effect to some exquisite colour-scheme may move with all the grace that characterised the famous manœuvres of Ascanius and his companions, as recorded in the *Æniad*; but all this is for the eye, the intellectual side is left to the efforts of the composer and the pantomimists. Though recitative was probably in vogue when Le Père Menestrier wrote his famous book on ballet, it is certain that, since the later date of Noverre, the *ballet d'action* has been the great field for the expression of dramatic action in dumb-show. Naturally enough, certain forms of expression have become quite arbitrary, and convey little or no meaning to the careless observer. At the same time, they have an intelligent foundation, and it must be conceded that a great master of his art can express the emotions unmistakably through the sole medium of gesture, and for this purpose it is permitted to indulge in emphasis that would be deemed excessive if the voice were called into play. Bearing this last fact in mind, since it does away with the charge of over-acting that I have seen levelled against the artist by people who know nothing of her art, it is possible to fairly estimate Madame Cavallazzi's work in making ballet intellectual.

It is possible, and, indeed, right, to acknowledge the embellishment given to her efforts by the splendid arrangements of Madame Katti Lanner's ballets, by the dressing and mounting that have made these spectacles the talk of the world; and yet it must be acknowledged that Madame Cavallazzi has stood alone in her splendid surroundings, and, ably assisted by M. Leopold Wenzel, whose music is a living voice, has raised the level of the entire production.

When "Orfeo" was produced, Giulia Ravogli was charming all the town in Gluck's opera; her singing of the beautiful "Che farò" rang in everybody's ears. Madame Cavallazzi could make no vocal appeal: her eloquence was mute; but all London crowded to see her, and felt that she stood upon the same plane as the great singer of the opera. When "Monte Cristo" was produced, her realisation of the title-rôle was the work of a great actress. It thrilled the house through and through; it was tragedy, strong, intense, and virile. The art of Madame Cavallazzi is not, nor has it ever been, the laboured art of the schools. Certain conventions she has accepted, as in duty bound; but behind them is a wealth of individuality, a keen grip of every dramatic possibility a story affords, great knowledge of technique, and a clear insight that reveals the *nuances* of expression and makes the trained eye glad. The proof of these statements is not far to seek. Go and watch Madame Cavallazzi in a ballet at the Empire—even in "Alaska," which gives her no chance at all—and then see any other artist who tries to go through the same gestures. Movements that were full of significance degenerate at once into antics; you are conscious of the poverty of expression by gesture as essayed by an artist who is not of the first rank. Ballet has many difficulties to face in these latter days; a few great "mimes" and a few great dancers stand alone between it and the rush of vulgarity seeking to turn ballet into the second-rate comic opera that enjoys so great a vogue at the present time. Madame Cavallazzi retires from one field of labour to exercise her many talents in another, but she leaves none to succeed her, and henceforth the revivals of the great ballets that have made the Empire famous will be perhaps impossible, certainly ineffective.

S. L. B.

MACAULAY'S BIRTHPLACE.

It was with relief that lovers of literary associations learned that the recent fire at Rothley Temple had not injured the historical portion of Macaulay's birthplace. The roof of the south wing was destroyed, and the upper staircase ruined, but, happily, the room "panelled with oak, almost black with age, looking eastward across the park, and southward, through an ivy-shaded window, into a little garden," still remains to remind one of the historian who first saw the light of day there. Rothley Temple, which stands half-way between Leicester and Loughborough, was originally the property of the Harcourts, then a Preceptory of the Knights Templars, and, at the dissolution of the monasteries, passed into the hands of the Babingtons. The chapel is reputed to be in the parish of Jerusalem, just as King's College, Cambridge, is in Lincolnshire. How Macaulay came to be born at Rothley Temple is naively told by Sir George Trevelyan. Mrs. Babington, Zachary Macaulay's sister, "who belonged to the school of matrons who hold that the advantage of country air outweighs that of London doctors," invited Mrs. Macaulay to Rothley Temple. The historian was born on Oct. 25, 1800, the anniversary of Agincourt.

Macaulay always loved Rothley Temple, and, when he was raised to the peerage, turned to it for a territorial designation. The title, "Lord Macaulay of Rothley," drew the fire of *Fraser's Magazine*, which laboured to show how little claim Macaulay had to style himself "of Rothley." His lordship, "that man of towns and clubs," *Fraser* was careful to point out, had none of the Norman blood of the Babingtons in his veins; yet it conceded that the place would be proud to have given birth to the historian "long after his present popularity has passed away, and when the style which now fascinates thousands is familiar only to a few students and scholars."



ROTHLEY TEMPLE, WHICH HAS NEARLY BEEN BURNT TO THE GROUND.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Up till now the quotations over the Lincoln Handicap have not shown the hand of any owner, and it can be taken for granted that the lists at

is a very great temptation to postpone or abandon meetings without waiting for the change to come. I think, too, that, when a meeting could not be brought off on account of the weather, it should be abandoned altogether, and not be given the chance to clash with any other meeting held throughout the country.

So peculiar is some of the form shown under National Hunt Rules that I begin to think many of the Stewards are either blind or they know nothing about the sport. I have an idea that a great deal of the roguesy that is now perpetrated on the course would be got rid of if the Stewards were made responsible. I will explain: Say a horse who was favourite ran badly at one meeting, went on to another and won at an outside price, the Stewards on duty at the first meeting ought to be called upon to explain the difference in the form, and, if they could not put forward a good excuse, they should be debarred from acting as Stewards for a twelvemonth.

If all-night telegrams are allowed to be sent by the Postmaster-General, it is to be hoped that a close time will still be continued at racing centres, or the poor reporters will get no sleep at all. Under present conditions, when a Newmarket Meeting is on, some reporters have to be up at 5 a.m. to get the work of the horses, and keep going, with only a break for dinner, until 11 p.m., when the wires are closed for the night. On the eve of big races we get betting from the Subscription Rooms up till 10.45 p.m., but, if the wires were open all night, we should without a doubt be treated to half-hourly bulletins up to, say, five the next morning. CAPTAIN COE.



THE ENGLISH TEAM WHICH WAS DEFEATED BY IRELAND BY SIX POINTS TO NIL.

Photo by D'Arcy, Dublin.

present published will undergo great alterations before the day of the race. As I expected, the public have fastened on to Hawfinch, who is being trained on good healthy going. He will run well. I still think Prince Barcaldine will turn out the best of Robinson's lot, and I am told that Kopely has a great chance. The latter, it will be remembered, won the Great Tom Stakes, beating a high-class field. He has now 5 lb. more than the stable expected him to get, but I like his chance notwithstanding.

Manifesto continues to be well backed for the Grand National, and, if at his very best on the day, he should run well. I wanted a titled gentleman to let me buy this horse for him last year, but he declined the offer, and I was afterwards heartily glad he did so, as the horse went wrong and could not start. According to the touts, Drogheda will run well again, despite her big weight. This mare had been seriously off colour previous to winning the race last year, yet no one who saw her run could have believed it. She is a perfect fencer and a kind goer, just the sort to get over the difficult country safely. Of course, if her stable companion, Queen Bee, is the better of the two at the weights, the stable possesses a big chance of winning the race.

I am not quite sure that Clerks of Courses should be allowed to insure their meetings against the weather—that is, unless they get special permission to do so from the National Hunt Stewards and the fact is published beforehand. When a doubt exists as to what the weather will turn out, there



THE IRISH TEAM WHICH WON THE IRELAND v. ENGLAND MATCH BY SIX POINTS TO NIL.

Photo by D'Arcy, Dublin.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Good curtain-raisers are so rare that a skilful one deserves some notice. "Nicolète," by Mr. Edward Ferris and Mr. Arthur Stuart, which precedes "My 'Soldier' Boy," at the Criterion, is as pretty a playlet as I have seen for some time. Horace Villars, a young Englishman, while on the grand tour (in 1780) wrote an opera on the immortal theme of Aucassin and Nicolète. He gave it to his friend, Paul Lamont, to try the Paris managers with, and heard no more of it or his friend. But he was not to be daunted. He arrived in Paris, and, after a bad illness, rewrote his score. Hélène, the great opera-singer, who was about to appear in a wonderful new opera, about which the greatest secrecy was being maintained, looked in on Villars one day, for she more than half-loved him. And he played her a stanza from his opera. It was identical with the one Hélène was rehearsing. Then she knew that Lamont had stolen the work, and made the two men confront one another. Villars, in the belief that Hélène loved Lamont, did not betray the plagiarist, and for that very reason Hélène declared her love for Villars. The play is well written, and is admirably acted by one of the authors, Mr. Ferris, as Villars, and by Miss Margaret Halstan as the opera-singer.

Within the last week or two "Trelawny of the 'Wells'" has appeared in book-form, published by Mr. Heinemann. The play has been a great success in America. By the end of the month we shall have quite a dose of Pinero, for "Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Sweet Lavender" will have been revived, the former by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at Mr. Arthur's beautiful theatre at Kennington, and the latter by Mr. Terry. Mr. Jones's plays, "The Masqueraders" and "The Physician," have also been published (by the Macmillans).

I suppose (writes Clement Scott) that "The Two Orphans" ("Les Deux Orphelines") of old d'Ennery, just dead, was one of the most successful dramas ever written, and illustrates two things: (1) how notoriously are actors and actresses the very worst judges of a play submitted to them, and (2) that human nature in all its essence is the greatest factor of success in any play. I was at the Porte St. Martin when "Les Deux Orphelines" was played for the first time, and ran twenty-five years ago for five hundred nights, and I saw Taillade, the original representative of the lame brother Pierre. This was before Henry Neville, like an honourable man, bought the play from the author,



MR. EDWARD FERRIS IN "NICOLÈTE" (WHICH HE WROTE), AT THE CRITERION.
Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

though at that time anyone might have stolen it. Henry Neville asked John Oxenford, the dramatic critic of the *Times*, to translate or adapt the play for the English stage. To-day, with such a commission Oxenford and his heirs would have been almost millionaires, but I believe he did his work for a "lump sum" down. His rights ended with his cheque.

When the play was read by d'Ennery to the company, they one and all predicted a failure. "It will not make a farthing money," they said. "We will give it twenty nights at the outside." Even Taillade grumbled at his part, and wanted to throw it up at the last moment. The great situation of the Nun telling a deliberate falsehood for conscience' sake



MISS MARGARET HALSTAN IN "NICOLÈTE," AT THE CRITERION.
Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

had, of course, been anticipated by Victor Hugo in "Les Misérables"; but the blind sister seeking her sister all over Paris was irresistible, and the fight between the lame Pierre and his burly, brutal brother was terrific in effect. Once more human nature! Who will ever forget Angele Moreau, the original Louise, when she sang "O my tendre Musette," or the grim and awful performance of Honorino as La Frochard, the hag? Everywhere in every country in the world the drama succeeded. A provincial manager in France announced that so many tears were shed over "The Two Orphans" that one pocket-handkerchief was not enough, so that the management had arranged to provide an extra one!

But these old dramatists understood their business. The collaborateur of d'Ennery in this famous drama, M. Cormon, is yet alive at the age of eighty-eight. He was the author of "Les Crochets du Père Martin," which, translated or altered into English as "The Porter's Knot," made the reputation of the "great little Robson" again at the Olympic, and drew as many tears in the late "fifties" as "The Two Orphans" did years afterwards. The rôle of the "Père Martin" was created in Paris by Paulin Menier, the Choppart in the "Courrier de Lyons" (The "Lyons Mail"). It is needless for me to add that the brilliant nephew of d'Ennery who has just died, leaving an enormous fortune, is Pierre Decourcelles, whose "Les Deux Gosses" ("The Two Little Vagabonds"), adapted by George R. Sims and Arthur Shirley, made a world-wide reputation. Tears again! Human nature once more! They will have to go back to both if they want to make money.

It seems definitely settled that the American theatrical firm of Liebler and Co., who are now managing Miss Viola Allen's stupendously successful engagement in Mr. Hall Caine's "The Christian," will produce another dramatisation of a well-known novel. Mr. Zangwill is now working on a stage version of "Children of the Ghetto," which is expected to be finished in April. The play, which will be in four acts, will probably be produced in October at the Herald Square Theatre, New York. The dramatis personæ will be all Jewish.

"Christian Soldiers" is a queer title for a play, and curious, too, is the supposedly explanatory line, "Written in Red." This romantic play is from the pen of "Riada," who is author also of a sporting drama, called "The Favourite; or, The Sport of Kings," that is shortly to be produced at the Elephant and Castle Theatre.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Let me add my little grumble about the shocking condition of the Thames Embankment. A bad stretch of road is a thing one expects to meet in the country, but in the greatest city of the world it is dreadful. Extra traffic has been thrown on the Embankment this last week or two; the result is that it has been ploughed up until it is almost impossible for horses to drag carts along. I didn't try to wheel my bicycle through the foot-deep slush—I turned it on to the pavement, and walked to Whitehall Court. And I passed two policemen, but they made no suggestion that I was breaking the law.

Side-slips are very much the order of these muddy days. The tighter you have your tyre pumped, the more likely are you to slip. So just deflate your tyre a little and make it sag somewhat when you are riding, and then you'll be in comparative safety. I suppose I've done as much "mud-plugging" as any man alive, but, when the path is greasy, I let the valve loose for fifteen seconds, and then I don't even object to tramway-lines.

Whether you call it a "pathometer" or "viagraph"—I've heard it called by both names—certainly the little instrument that has been invented to show not only the distance ridden, but the course followed, and also the inequalities of the road, up hill or down dale, is an admirable thing. Now every cyclist can be his own surveyor. The invention is ingenious. The route followed is indicated by the agency of a compass with a needle that stamps on a tape the course steered. To get a record of the rise and fall of the road, a pendulum is used. The pendulum oscillates according to whether you are going up or down hill. A recording tape is spun by the action of a "kicker," as in an ordinary cyclometer, and, as the pendulum swings, its obliquity is proportional to the steepness of the slope traversed.

However, there are two Richmonds in the field, and that is, maybe, why one gets confused between the two names "pathometer" and "viagraph." In the second instrument the record of variations from the horizontal is obtained by two balancing levers, which pencil-mark a winding tape of paper. Tests have already been made. It has been found that a part of the road between Leatherhead and Guildford is uneven to the extent of 12 ft. in the mile, a part of the road between Liverpool and Prescott shows unevenness up to 46 ft. in the mile, while between Belfast and Lisburn the variation soars up to 114 ft. per mile. Anyway, the appliance is magnificent. It supplies "a long-felt want." And I would suggest that the Government supply all members of the Ordnance Department with properly fitted bicycles. Then they needn't stand about in slushy roads spying along telescopes, or go trailing chains all over the earth. They will do as much surveying in an afternoon's spin as they now accomplish in a couple of months.

The other afternoon, from the top of an omnibus, I counted nearly a dozen separate pictures in which a bicycle figured among the illustrations on the boardings. Advertisers and entertainment providers are certainly using the humble bike in every conceivable direction. At both the Empire and Alhambra you can see cycle-polo, there is a "home-trainer" contest twice a-day at the Aquarium, at Barnum's Show out at Olympia the cycling display is enough to make you dizzy, and in the frivolous and amusing "Belle of New York" the hero enters on his wheel. There's hardly a pantomime in the country where the bicycle isn't introduced, and I've just been reading that in a new Italian opera a bicycle plays a prominent part. Now that the Prime Minister has taken to cycling, and the Leader of the House of Commons is frequently out on his wheel, I shouldn't be at all surprised if before long all the members of the House of Lords, Bishops included, to say nothing of the humble Commons, abandon broughams and hansom-cabs, and go down to Westminster astride wheels.

The ten-mile championship of India has been won by Bryning, of Calcutta. The time was 28 min. 19½ sec. When I was in India, Bryning was the first cyclist I met on nearing Calcutta. In the blazing, shrivelling sun of an Indian May morning he rode out nearly thirty

miles to give me a handshake. That was at Chandanagore, a neat little French town on the banks of the Hugli. Bryning is a slim fellow, all nerves and muscle. And what is interesting is that he is a rigid vegetarian and staunch teetotaler. I remember at Chandanagore his lunch consisted of mashed potatoes and a bottle of lemonade. And on that diet he rode back with me to Calcutta.

We in London have nothing like the cycling advantages the Anglo-Indians have in "the City of Palaces." The cycling round the Meidan is splendid. Every morning, between five and seven o'clock, forty or fifty Calcuttaites may be seen having a spin over that four-mile circuit—men in light-grey suits and broad white topis, and girls in white skirts and also white topis. Then there are the shady trees in the Eden Garden to rest under, and, maybe, a band to listen to. Again in the evening the cyclists are out. Hyde Park in the Season is tame compared to the scene near the Eden Gardens between six and seven at night. There are streams of carriages, the women are invariably pretty and nicely dressed, and there is no close time for cyclists. Calcutta is a delightful city.

In my wheel wanderings in England, I've often been moved to profanity by the uselessness of many of the finger-posts. Round London we're not badly off, but farther afield the posts are annoying. There they stand at the cross-roads, with outstretched arms, but often the lettering is quite illegible. You get mad trying to make it out, and then ten to one you take the wrong turning. Men who live in the districts don't need the assistance of the posts, for they know the way without. It is the stranger that is inconvenienced, and a letter from a stranger to a local authority doesn't carry much weight. But if riders would worry the County Councillors in their districts to have all finger-posts properly painted, whether they personally need them or not, they would be benefitting their fellow-wheelmen from elsewhere.

Our staid friend the *Spectator* has got into a little fever of anxiety lest wheelmen should endanger the interest and beauty of the New Forest—

Formerly the distances in the Forest and the absence of railroads made it an expensive and difficult place to explore. Now that the steel wheels have annihilated distances within the Forest area, it is everywhere opened up. The cyclist-visitor has two pet hobbies, or rather, the followers of these two hobbies find the cycle most convenient. Entomology and botany can be studied in the one "national park" better than anywhere else in the South of England. There is no place to compare with it for butterflies, moths, plants, and flowers. All these objects are "collected," not studied and let alone. So there is an ever-increasing stream of cyclists on the look-out for "white admirals," "wood whites," or, perhaps, "purple emperors." Last summer, ten persons were seen at one time on a Forest road catching or seeking specimens of the narrow-banded bee hawk-moth, a species for which the Forest has a reputation among collectors.

Other visitors are busy digging up wild gladiolus or orchids, or seeking fern or flower-roots. The efforts of these amateurs are said to have made a sensible reduction in the number of rare plants, for these are, as a rule, only known to the educated, while the butterfly-hunters have done much the same by rare species of insects.

Apropos of the comment made in these columns on Mr. Joseph Pennell's argument against the "Free Wheel," a "General Retired," who is in nowise connected with the "New Whippet Free-Wheel Bicycle Syndicate," beyond riding one of their machines, writes as follows—

You allude to the position of feet when not pedalling, stating one is raised high and the other depressed. On the contrary, though the rider of a "Free Wheel" can get into such a position, the natural and usual one is with both feet nearly on a level, the right foot ready to press the brake on the hind wheel. The excellent machine I rode on formerly—of the ordinary pattern—had only one brake working on the tyre of the front wheel; if this was punctured or became deflated, it was useless. In coasting, the whirling pedals were beyond my power of reaching till the pace had decreased. On my present "Free-Wheel" bicycle I have two rim-brakes, to the front and back wheel—each, in fact, being double. I feel much safer than formerly—indeed, I had given up coasting, from the unexpected obstacles that were turning up and the accidents I heard of. The control I have over my present machine seems complete. I ride down the steepest hills about here with ease and at any pace. There is no necessity for me to allude to the pleasure riding is to me at present, and the decreased exertion when I find I do not pedal for at least twenty per cent. of the journey.

J. F. F.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 22.

THE GENERAL POSITION.

During the week money has been in very abundant supply, although, as was expected, the last squeeze of the Settlement made rates a little stiffer for the moment. There appears to be every assurance of ease for some time at least, and we do not share in the opinion that the lull in speculation which has characterised the week under review is likely to drift into a pronounced reaction. In both Yankees and Kaffirs it seems to us that there are signs of a continuance of the upward movement, for money is abundant in New York, and our American cousins have not been buying back large quantities of their own Railway securities merely to let the boom fizzle out as soon as their wants are supplied. It may be foolish for the moment to rush into buying Kaffirs, but there is no reason as yet for holders to clear out, for hitherto the great public which buys little lots of shares has only begun to nibble, and we do not believe that the big houses who have engineered the rise so far, are going to stop just when a little more manipulation will, in all probability, bring about the result at which they have been aiming.

HOME RAILS.

The principal feature of the Home Railway Market has been the rise of North-Westerns on the dividend, which was better than expected, and the announcement of the new issue of Hull and Barnsley $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Preference stock to the shareholders at par, which is about 5 points below the market price of the old stock. All sorts of stories are flying round about the District Company and the supposed negotiations with the Great Western. There is little doubt that something is on the tapis, but we cannot conceive the possibility of the holders of District Preferences agreeing to any scaling down of their rights, in order that something like 2 per cent. may be assured to the holders of Ordinary stock.

A curious anomaly exists between the price of old and new Great Western Ordinary stock, for the latter is now some 4 points cheaper than the price of the old stock, when every allowance is made for loss of dividend, &c. The quotation of the Ordinary stock, as we write, is 169 ex-div., while the new issue can be bought for about 119, which, adding the 45 per cent. yet to be paid upon it, is equal to 164. It would be a good operation to instruct one's broker to sell old and buy new, even making every allowance for the difference in dividend in the coming half-year.

THE GREATEST GOLD-MINE IN THE WORLD.

Our illustration represents Mount Morgan in the height of its glory, when it produced 258,000 oz. of gold, worth over £4 an ounce, in one year. Situated near Rockhampton, in Central Queensland, this famous mine has a capital of £1,000,000, in the same number of shares, upon which 17s. 6d. is credited as paid up. The shares in 1889 sold freely at £15 or £16 each, and, if report is to be relied on, nothing contributed more to the disastrous failure of the Queensland National Bank than having made very heavy advances on these same shares, which tumbled down to round about £2 when the Australian banking crisis was at its worst. The mine has produced up to the end of 1897 over 1,700,000 ounces of gold, and at present pays dividends of sevenpence a share every month. The company is a colonial one, but a London register is kept, and the shares are pretty freely dealt in on this market. The price has considerably increased of late, and is now about $5\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ for the 17s. 6d. paid share, at which they yield the investor a shade over 6 per cent., but the prospects are said to be good.

SOME CHEAP INVESTMENTS.

There are, of course, relative degrees of cheapness in investments as well as in everything else, and what a trustee might call cheap would be considered quite the reverse by the man in the street. But, beginning with the highest description of security, India $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is one of the

cheapest stocks allowed by what is called a "strict Trust." The present price of 93 has every prospect of rising to par as the year of the Loan's redemption, 1926, approaches. Moreover, if the proposal now afloat for our guaranteeing the debt of India should crystallise into permanent shape—and we see no reason why the step should not come, sooner or later—the result would be a rise of at least ten per cent. Leaving out of sight the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. New Zealand Estates debentures, to which we alluded last week, amongst the Colonial issues, the Three per Cent. Loans are decidedly the best to buy, for they possess a strong inherent power of rising to nearly 100 should money become still cheaper. Each day, too, that brings Australian Federation into more tangible evidence, brings also a strengthening grace to the market, which already talks of its Colonials becoming "Trust Stocks" ere long. Not until more Imperial control is exercised over the Colonies' finances, however, is that day of relief to harassed trustees likely to dawn. The Australian Three per Cent. Loans yield from 3 to $3\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. Consols at to-day's price return exactly 2 per cent.

Turning to better-paying securities, in the Home Railway Market Brighton "A" (London, Brighton, and South Coast Deferred) will bring in an income of over $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to an investor, and this is a stock which presents considerable attraction for the rise. Among Miscellaneous Railways, there is a 3 per cent. Debenture of the Natal-Zululand Railway, which almost deserves a paragraph to itself. The price is nominally 85 to 87, but the stock is difficult to secure, since there is a possibility that the line may shortly be taken over by the Natal Government, in which case, of course, the Debentures would jump for joy.

Another favourite of ours, Trunk Guaranteed Stock, has been

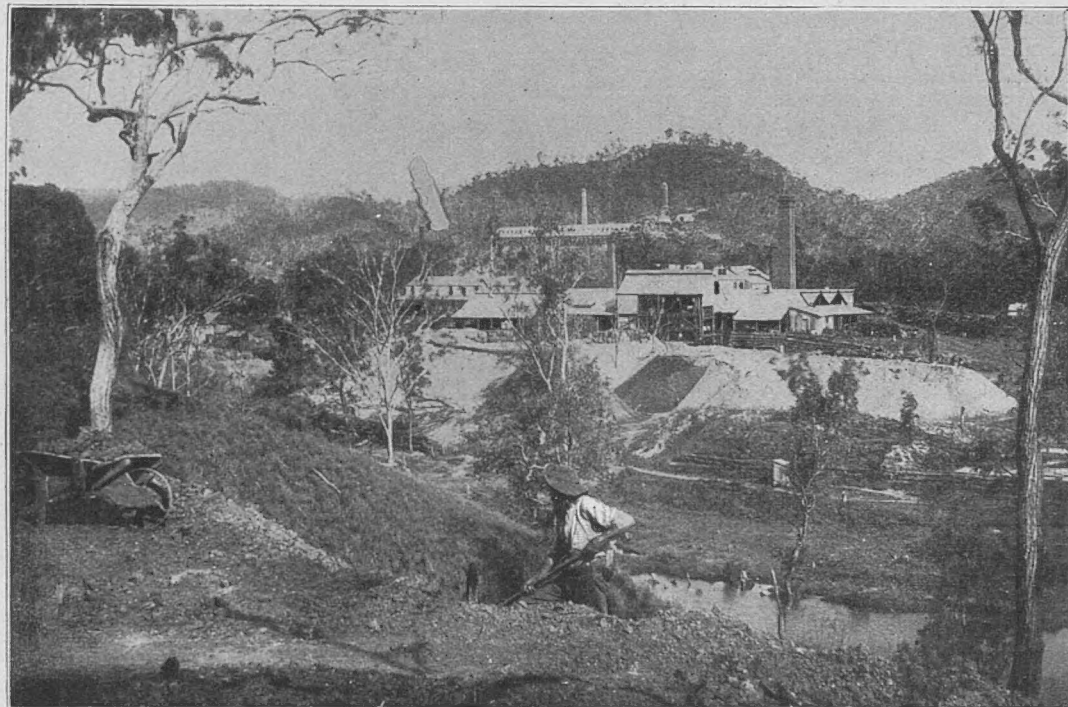
largely to the fore this week, and the return on this at 85 is $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The present price carries the half-yearly dividend of 2 per cent. In the American Market it is difficult to find a really cheap investment among the share-list, but readers of *The Sketch* are already familiar with our selection from American Railroad Bonds. From the Foreign Market we would still select Uruguay $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the price of which has risen to 45 since we counselled a purchase at 40 not long ago. The rebellion or revolution, whichever it was, seems to be all over now. The Argentine 6 per

cent. Funding Loan at 94 pays handsomely, but, of course, there is always the risk of further default in the case of all the South American States. The recent advance in Stock Exchange values has not deprived the cautious investor of opportunities for getting a cheap stock here and there, but, if business continues at its present rate, the probability is that these facilities will gradually become more and more circumscribed.

KAFFIRS AND DEEP-LEVELS.

Speculation in South Africans this week has been more and more "rocked in the cradle of the Deeps." The new position in the Stock Exchange which the Deep-Level Market has appropriated for its own especial benefit is the centre of the greatest throng, the noisiest business. Parent companies, Rand Mines in particular, have benefited largely by the broadening out of the interest in the shares of their "babies." By the way, that old, old story, that the Rand Mines shares were to be split, has also helped to establish a price very close indeed to the previous record. Why don't Wernher Beit do it, and get it over, this splitting deal? The Gold share market is hard, and although the volume of business fell off considerably during the week, prices were maintained in consequence of jobbers being eager to buy back what they had sold in "the Boom." Banging tactics are too dangerous a game to play in healthy times like these, but, should next Contango Day reveal another unwieldy "bull" account to be open, a sharp fall will probably ensue, when buyers might take an opportunity of "getting in."

Very quietly and unostentatiously has the Consolidated Goldfields Company introduced three new Deep-Levels this week, and the Company is apparently embarking largely upon the acquisition of interests in the Second and Third Row of Deep-Levels. Some years ago the company sold most of its outcrops to buy the First Row of Deeps; now the latter, so the market chatters, are being sold and



MOUNT MORGAN, THE GREATEST GOLD-MINE IN THE WORLD.

replaced by the cheaper varieties. The Jupiter is one of these whose financial position is, we learn, of assured soundness. South Rose Deep, about 3½, looks one of the most promising for a speculation to be locked up until the price has doubled itself, and Witwatersrand Deep are being "tipped." The mines are heavily handicapped owing to the difficulty of transporting native labour to the properties, and Mr. Rhodes' railway scheme would come as a boon and a blessing to Deep Levels, as well as to the mines of Rhodesia and its neighbours.

THE KENT COAL FIASCO.

When the Kent Coalfields Syndicate sold its property—heaven save the mark!—to the Kent Collieries Corporation for £775,000 in cash, and £500,000 in fully paid shares, we warned our readers against having anything to do with the concern, and we have never ceased to urge in these columns that the whole of this Kent Coalfields gamble is—well, let us be mild, and say wholly unjustifiable. The dire straits into which the Kent Coal Finance and Development Company, and the sister institution, the Kent Coal Exploration Company, have got all the world knows; but now the mainstay of the whole enterprise, the Kent Collieries Corporation, which has been for years sinking shafts near Dover, is in deep water, and it looks as if the bubble were nearly pricked. More capital is wanted to get these aforesaid shafts down to the level of the first supposed coal-seam, and it is proposed to raise £50,000 "for the purpose of completing the sinking of the two present shafts until at least the first seam of coal has been reached at a depth of about 1200 ft." The terms offered for the loan of the money work out at about 100 per cent., but even it does not appear attractive, for, in the first place, £50,000 will not do the work, and, as anyone who has studied the borings knows, the first seam will not pay when it is reached.

It is possible that at about 2100 ft. there may be some prospect of getting at a payable seam, but short of that depth there is nothing to encourage even the wildest speculator. There never was a more wicked promotion than this Kent Collieries Corporation, with its absurd purchase-price and utterly unjustifiable capital of one and a-half millions, and we sincerely hope that none of our readers will be found to subscribe a penny towards keeping on its legs this Burr baby. Like the motor industry, Kent Coal has been strangled in its birth by the people connected with it, and until the stable is purged and the absurd capital reduced to proper dimensions, it is a foolish waste of money on helping any of the companies mixed up in the unsavoury deal.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE NITRATE INDUSTRY.

Mr. Balfour, presiding at the meeting of the Rosario Nitrate Company, had some interesting remarks to make as to the prospects of the nitrate industry. There were times, not so very long ago, when it was the fashion to look at things through the rose-tinted spectacles which used to adorn the nose of the late lamented Colonel North; but, fortunately for the British investor, those days have passed.

Speaking generally, we may say that the most unhealthy feature in the whole situation is the everlasting craving of the producers for some sort of artificial combination to reduce the output. When any industry requires to be buttressed by such expedients, it is time for wise men to give it a wide berth, just as, when we see a neighbouring nation looking about for alliances, instead of trusting to her own strength and the patriotism of her own people, we may conclude that the days of her greatness are numbered. We live in an age of artificial trade-combinations, and we have seen not a few created within the last twelve months, but none the less are all such expedients a sign of rottenness in any trade. Mr. Balfour told his shareholders that, in his opinion, for various reasons, the limit of production on the West Coast had been reached, and that the consumption had increased by 300,000 tons within the last five years, and, so far, what he had to say was satisfactory; but, when he was obliged to base his hopes of better prices in the future on the artificial restriction of the output and on a gigantic combination for the sale of all the nitrate which is sent over, we believe that he is building on a rotten foundation, as rotten as the tyre monopoly of the dear discredited Dunlop Company, or salt combination of our poor friend the Salt Union.

THE DAY AND MARTIN ISSUE.

By the time these lines are in print this issue will probably be in the hands of the public. The capital is to be £152,000, all in Ordinary shares of £1 each. The profits will be found to average £10,100 a-year, and a valuation is given showing solid assets of about £57,000. The anticipated dividend on the shares is only 6 per cent., which, for a business of this class, appears to us to point to over-capitalisation, and, upon the facts and figures stated, we can see no great catch in subscribing.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND COMPANY REFORM.

At last the Committee of the Stock Exchange appear to have become aware that legislation is on foot for the amendment of the laws which are supposed to govern companies registered under the Limited Liability Acts. One would have thought that it would be to the Stock Exchange, even before St. Stephen's, that we might look for guidance and help in dealing with this difficult, delicate subject. Not so is the case, the Stock Exchange, perhaps, not liking to intrude into a matter which the House of Lords Committee have so long and so tenderly nursed. But we have at last a decided step in the right direction emanating from the Stock Exchange itself, its august governing body having made certain alterations in the rules relating to the granting of an official quotation which will assist in barring the entrance

of some of the most undesirable specimens to the List. An official quotation is a distinct advantage to the shares or stock of any company, since it imparts a certain status to the security which otherwise it does not enjoy; a freer market is created, owing to the wide circulation of the Official List; and, thirdly, bankers usually refuse to advance money upon anything for which their auditors can trace no official quotation. Hence the anxiety of most companies to get into the coveted place in the List.

The edict which has lately been issued by the Committee of the Stock Exchange is a re-hash of an existing rule. A new company, in order to obtain an official quotation, has to comply with various orders. Its prospectus must be publicly advertised, must contain the Memorandum of Association, and must provide for the issue of not less than one-half of the authorised capital. Furthermore, it must be stated what money has been or is to be paid to "concessionaires, owners of property, or others in the formation of the company, or to contractors for works to be executed." The Debenture arrangements must be stated in full, and at least two-thirds of any issue of any class must be applied for and unconditionally allotted to the public. Directors are restrained from using the company's money in buying its own shares, or in lending money upon them. The majority of the clauses are already to be found in the present rule of the Stock Exchange, but that the Committee should have turned their attention to its amendment at all shows that they have its working under a vigilant eye.

Unfortunately, the majority of swindles brought out under the Limited Liability Acts are ostensibly for the purpose of gold-mining (below ground), and the officially quoted list of mining shares is ridiculously short. This is rendered necessary, as mining companies, in most cases, will not submit to the Committee's regulations; but it is to be hoped that, having made a fresh start with officially quoted concerns, the other and much more numerous class of mining companies may not escape a little polite attention too.

ISSUE.

McDonald's Bonanza (Klondyke), Limited.—We have hitherto never said a good word for any Klondyke venture; but, honestly, after reading this prospectus most carefully, together with the reports of Major D. T. Laing and Mr. Coffey, we cannot help saying that, for those of our readers who want a sporting gamble, the concern has merits. Major Laing's report is well worth reading, even by people who have no idea of speculating, for it is one of the best and most complete accounts of how Yukon mining is carried on that we have yet seen. In the present temper of the British public, the 70,000 shares offered ought to be taken up.

Saturday, Feb. 11, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

WALLASEY.—(1) We think not. (2) Hold. (4) Buy a few Mellin's Food Company of Australia, or Chadburn's (Ship) Telegraph Company Ordinary. (5) It would be very unseemly of us to answer this question, which must be a matter of opinion.

J. T. A.—We fear we cannot do anything to enable you to get an allotment, but we have sent your letter on to the Bank.

GAMMA.—Your writing is very hard to read. (1 and 2) Probably doing badly, as the trade is in a very rotten state. (3) Speculative, but not unduly so. (4 and 5) We have a good opinion of this. (6) Very good. (7) Can give no information.

H. Q. J.—We have no knowledge of what part of South Africa would be most suitable for your business. Your investments are all reasonably good, but there will be no market for them in Africa. Copper is good at present, but we have no information as to the mine you refer to. The brokerage depends on the price of the shares dealt in. Of course, shares can be sold without a broker if you can find a buyer.

PHYSICIAN.—The lists were closed before your letter reached us.

STRETTON-CLAPHAM.—(1) A very long shot, which will never come to any good in your life. (2) There will probably be no dividend this year. Draw your own inference.

N. B. O.—(1) We think the shares are very speculative. (2) Hold, as the company is doing well.

J. HOLDEN.—(1) The mine consists of thirty-nine reef-bearing claims, but only the mining engineers connected with it could give you any figure of value as to its remaining life. (2) We should not select them for any considerable rise. (3) As far as we can judge, "yes." The property consists of fifty reef-bearing claims, and three reefs are being worked.

H. C.—Your letter was answered on the 10th inst.

KRAAL.—Both are good mines, and reasonably safe as mining investments go.

PUZZLED.—The concern you mention was a regular market tip, and we have been unable to learn any reason for the fall. We should hold for the present.

ERTON.—(1) We like nothing connected with the concern. The people you call M.P.'s are merely J.P.'s. The only remedy you have is to get a copy of the Articles of Association and a list of shareholders, which, on payment, the secretary is bound to supply. When you have done this, send a circular round and get enough people to sign a requisition for an extraordinary meeting. Only a meeting of shareholders can make the directors give information. (2) The companies in your list are all bad eggs.

RIGA.—The circulars have been sent back to you, although they would have been better thrown into the waste-paper basket. Have nothing to do with either of the bucket-shops, and do not touch any of the mines in your list.

ERIE.—Your letter was answered on the 8th inst.

F. H. H.—Thank you for the information contained in your letter, which we have noted.

SPITTAL.—The Welsbach stuff is speculative, but, we are inclined to think, worth holding for a bit. The other company is certainly a bad egg.

We are asked to state that it has been found impossible to complete the letters of allotment and regret in the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*, Limited, because of the enormous number of applications to be dealt with. It is hoped that the Preference allotments will be posted on Feb. 14 or 15, and those dealing with Ordinary shares on Feb. 18 or 20.